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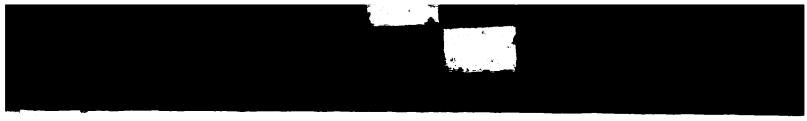

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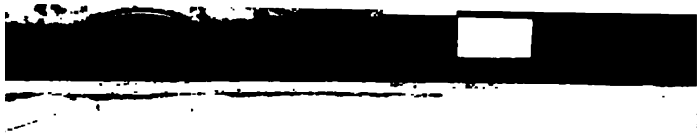

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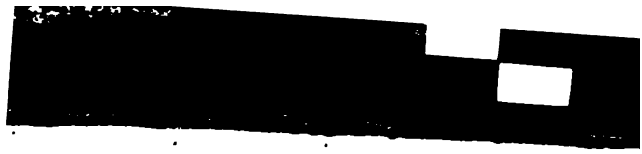

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SELECT POEMS.

The LAST DAY—a Poem in Three Books, by Dr. Young.

BOOK I.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great,
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
I draw a deeper ſcene—a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields—
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan—
Death's ancient ſceptre broke—the teeming tomb—
The righteous JUDGE—and man's eternal doom.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays:
'Tis your ETERNAL KING I ſtrive to praiſe.
But chiefly thou, GREAT RULER! Lord of all
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall:
If at thy nod, from diſcord and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell!
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft; view ev'ry grace
In GOD's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face:
See Spring's gay bloom; ſee golden Autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and ſee old Ocean roar.
Here foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here rivers meaſure climes and worlds divide;
There vallies, fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſcape in confin'd,
Or view, in Britain, all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt! The lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And GOD's right hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how theſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year control:
They ſhine through time with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period riſe, and that decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So *bright*, with ſuch a weight of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in *heathens* not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how ſacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The tract forgot, where *conſtellations* ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all *nature* be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)

This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day,
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn—the troubled Ocean roar—
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo! a mighty trump—one half conceal'd
In clouds—one half to mortal eye reveal'd—
Shall pour a dreadful note: The piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
O pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky—
Though GOD'S whole engin'ry diſcharg'd—and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd! and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.

This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt;
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death, his dangers never ceaſe:
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When gu[illegible] joys invite us to their arms—
When Beauty ſmiles, or Grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The *trumpet* ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe, from ſilent graves, the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels, ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Nor proffer'd worlds her ardor could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring
Whence flow the terrors of that day I ſing;
More boldly we our labors may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt—
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe,
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.
Say, then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair—
O ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.

Ah, mournful ſight! the bliſsful Earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate—
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt—
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of Fall and Spring—
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome to ſafe wat'ry worlds to ſink, or ſwell—
Aronnd her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day—
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky.
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, Earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord!
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down!
Proſtrate the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature and aſſuming brow!
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſifter worm!
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why doſt thou forſake whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger! who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand!
It flies the reach of thought. O ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood—
Thou, who for me, thro' every throbbing vein,
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain—

Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! O ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
From eaſt to weſt they fly—from pole to line—
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth, to meet his doom;
And rocks but priſon up, for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
While Death ſits threat'ning in his prince's frown;
His heart's diſmay'd: and now his fears command
To change his native for a diſtant land;
Swift orders fly; the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil, to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs;
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heav'ns! e'en the good man trembles—
And is there a *laſt day?* And muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition, ſwell; and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that *Vanity* can blow;
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *Vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *Beauty*, ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd—
To ſmile at Death—to long to be diſſolv'd—
From our decays a pleaſure to receive—

And kindle into tranſport at a grave—
What equals this? And ſhall the victor, now,
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! O thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
O joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I, in the whole
Creation, aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And fluſh my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;
In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
His will can calm—their ſavage tempers bind—
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main—
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars--the lightning flies—
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe—
When now the foaming ſurges, toſs'd on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky—
When death draws near—the mariners, aghaſt,
Look back with terror on their actions paſt:
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts thro' fear and anguiſh melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught;
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but, O the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems, nor gold, the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet, then, themſelves to ſave,

They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue.)
Lo! the great RULER of the world from high
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep;
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders. Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word;
And calls the great Leviathan. The great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare—
The whale expands his jaws' enormous ſize!
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeats
And fails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead, ſilent waters never flow,
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath

And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.
Two wond'rous days and nights, thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rock and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt, uninjured on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the Muſe
In her next labor ardently purſues.

BOOK II.

NOW man awakes; and, from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears
Whate'er the bold, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide *eternity* I dare be loſt.
The muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to *human kind*:
I ſing to men and angels. Angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance: the neck, perhaps, to meet

The diſtant head; the diſtant legs, the feet.
Dreadful to view! ſee, through the duſky ſky,
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to *Rome*'s almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to POMPEY, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmoak'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great ſoul farewell.
Obſcure his fall; all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore;
While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each vagrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air;
Obey the ſignal, wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.
So ſwarming bees, that, on a ſummer's day,
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a bow deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has, perhaps, been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wand'ring ſtray'd
Or hover'd o'er, where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Where, ſoon or late, fair *Albion's* heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wiſe, and juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt—
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
Of riſing kings fill all the extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
Labor with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſculls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once nor in like manner riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow, unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood—
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown—
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen,
To face the thunders with a godlike mein;
The planets drop—their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes—their hearts diſdain to move.
An earth diſſolving, and an heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
O wond'rous change! what unknown objects riſe,

Shake my belief, and fill me with ſurprize!
Here *Greatneſs* proſtrate falls; there *Strength* gives pl
Here *lazars* ſmile; there *Beauty* hides her face.
Chriſtians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* ſtan
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumbers break,
And, hand in hand, their Saviour's love partak
But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warn
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that honour'd ſh
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHLEY! hail, illuſtrio
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams; that
Beneath your ſhades, and near your chryſtal ſpri
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honor'd! 'Twas your great reno
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
When other records length of years ſhall blaſt,
In your adopted ſons your fame ſhall laſt,
And make thoſe kings to lateſt ages known,
Thoſe happy monarchs, under whom you ſhone
A moment ſhone, illuſtriouſly bright,
Then left the mourning world, and ſet in night;
But now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! O how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who ſome few years ago was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs—
Was nothing—ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls in O

Of ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh or expire!
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move!
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from his ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought!
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love Divine!*
But O! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind are ſummon'd to the bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna; with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts,
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction be far away, let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled god be ſeen;
Behold the God of gods indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon: no ſign
Of all thoſe ages which their births diſjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day or deſcent!
What joy muſt it now yield, what raptures raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days!
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood

Illuſtrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Cæſar unnoted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe, not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above.
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, fall; another, ſtand;
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, whoſe breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They all are here, and here they all are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Low as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
'For judgment, judgment, ſons of men prepare!
Earth ſhakes anew: I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt power of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valor drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chooſe!
A ſudden bluſh enflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great *Sovereign* reigns in worlds of light,
Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey;
Creates, ſupports, confounds! where Time and Place,

Matter, and Form, and Fortune, Life, and Grace,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us, vagrant emmets, crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball;
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
See on an empyreal flying throne,
Awfully rais'd Heav'n's everlaſting SON;
Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, Dominion, Praiſe, Omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a paradiſe;
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
In one hand, knowledge ſhines in pureſt light,
In one, the ſword of juſtice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd impoſtor, he ſhall bleed!
But O! ye ſons of men, exalt your voice,
And bid the ſoul through all her powers rejoice:
Mercy, his darling, in his boſom found,
Scatters ambroſial odours all around;
Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
And ſoothes his rage, and melts his thunders down.
My tho'ts are chang'd; now man, exalt thine eye,
In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer ſpy:
See'n JUDAS ſtruggles his deſpair to quell:
Hope almoſt bloſſoms in the ſhades of hell.
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the ſource

Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices with rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a God again:
All heav'n ſhines forth, in all her pomp complete,
For GOD himſelf, magnificently great.
Triumphant King of glory! Soul of bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn,
And indigence of him in *Bethle'm* born;
A needy, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt!
How chang'd from him, who, meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made!
From him, who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!
And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine,
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken CAIPHAS! Ah! which blaſphem'd,
Thou or thy priſ'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,

The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies, [fly.
And, on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here, high enthron'd, th'eternal Judge is plac'd
With all the grandeur of the Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies.
The croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it needs a ſtain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Fluſhes the hill, and fires on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
O formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight!
Ah turn, unwary muſe; nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the ſun ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport may the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple which thy ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound.
"O thou whoſe balance does the mountains weigh—
Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey—
Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watry worlds to flame,

That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame—
Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
And on the bounty of thy goodneſs calls.
" O give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
Thy power, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee:
Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know.
If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
And fin the graceful indignation raiſe.
My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" O may my underſtanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown,
And bids old Winter lay her honors down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace or war.
May ſea, and land, and earth, and heav'n, be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May tho'ts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul;
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
Adore, my heart, the majeſty divine.
" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow;
'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the conſecrated day:
Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,

And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardor of conſummate love;
Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.

"And O! permit the gloom of ſolemn night,
To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
How ev'ry boiſt'rous thought in calm ſubſides!
How the ſmooth ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
O how divine! to tread the milky way
To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
His court admire, or for his favor ſue,
Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew:
Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
While I long vigils to its founder keep!

"Canſt thou not ſhake the centre? O control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me with equal firmneſs to ſuſtain
Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my ſoul in hope to graſp the prize,
Which in eternity's deep boſom lies!
At the great day of recompenſe beheld,
Devoid of fear, the FATAL BOOK unfold!
Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
My light, my life, my God, my Saviour ſee
And rival angels in the praiſe of thee."

BOOK III.

THE book unfolding, the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next preſume to ſing: what yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n opening, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul (O fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the tho't ſink deep) ſhalt thou be there?
See, on the left (for by the great command
The throng, divided, falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mein?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight;
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.

Each geſture mourns; each look is black with care;
And ev'ry groan is laden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe; and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Should'ſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended intereſt levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſet up on common flame,
Divided far—thy wretched ſelf alone
Caſt on the left of all whom thou haſt known—
How would it wound? What millions would'ſt thou
For one more trial, one day more to live? [give
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of grace:
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide—ſuſpend a ſtorm in air—
Reſtrain the ſun—but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark on the right how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn!
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
O the tranſcendant glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt
Beholds his bleſſings with a trembling eye, [draws nigh,
Feels double paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled, joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the glorious prize,

Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you, whoe'e
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and view the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts time's brighteſt annals grace—
Who founded ſects—crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd—
Gave names to nations—or fam'd empires join'd—
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low—
And taught obedient rivers where to flow—
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main—
All loſt, all undiſtinguiſh'd, no where found,
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and ſceptres lie?
What then is he,* who midſt the radiant band
Of ſpotleſs ſaints, and laurel'd martyrs ſtands,
Conſpicuous from afar? Whoſe rays ſo bright
Solicit, and attract the raviſh'd ſight?
In whom I ſee two diſtant virtues join'd,
A royal greatneſs, and an humble mind?
His lifted hands his lofty neck ſurround,
To hide the ſcarlet of a circling wound;
Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his throne
Theſe ſcars to mark, and then regards his own.
Jeruſalem's foundations groan aloud,
And *Albion* ſhrinks beneath her ambient flood.
Not far, methinks, I kindred features trace
In a majeſtic, tho' a female face,
Her conſort by; around them ſmiling move
The beauteous bloſſoms of their fruitful love:
Known of their parents, they their parents know;
Their boſoms with a double tranſport glow;
Bleſt in themſelves but more than bleſt to find
All held moſt dear in equal bleſſing join'd.

* King Charles I.

ONE, ſuperior majeſty appears,
dvanc'd in beauty, as advanc'd in years.
hat melting ſweetneſs, what commanding grace
eet on his brow, like victory and peace!
! to what fav'rite part of human kind
as this ſo great, but dangerous gift deſign'd?
hat nation humbly could enjoy his reign?
loſt, with patience ſuch a loſs ſuſtain?
Ah ſay, *Brittannia*, whence this vengeance flow'd,
aſt thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood?
DWARDS and HENRYS ſtill aloud reſound;
or are their names in greater GLOSTER drown'd;
! what a godlike race in him is loſt!
hat has his death e'en future ages coſt!
But us'd with art, and rightly underſtood,
ll diſpenſations from above are good;
nd though with frightful aſpect they ſurpriſe,
oſt ills are only bleſſings in diſguiſe.
happy iſſue! to whom ne'er was known
he bright temptations ſparkling from a throne;
reat parents! who thoſe bright temptations knew;
owing, engag'd; engaging, overthrew.
Now, juſt reward! celeſtial crowns encloſe
ith deathleſs glories your victorious brows.
or ſee the volume vaſt, ſince time begun
ſt regeſter of all beneath the ſun,
thrown full wide; peace, ocean! ſilence lull
he ſounding winds! ye ſpheres, forbear to roll!
lear, O creation, thy Great Maſter ſpeak!
ow firſt for guilty man bleſt angels ſhake.
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
om all eternity has fix'd his eye,
hether his right hand favor'd, or annoy'd,
ontinu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd,
uthern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
ave north or weſt dominion o'er the world:
he point of time, for which the world was built,
or which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,

That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay;
Brighter than brightneſs the diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrors beneath, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell!
A furnace fomidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappal'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene, and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight;
I ſee, I ſee the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*:
I faint: my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the guilty breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt—
"Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
Ah, cruel death! that would no longer ſave,
But grudg'd me e'en that narrow, dark abode,
And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
Muſt all theſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to ſupply
My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
Senſe, *reaſon*, *memory*, increaſe my woe?
And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,

Corrupt to groans; and blow the fires of hell?
O! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
And with exiſtence only meaſure pain?
What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
No beam of hope from any point of heav'n!
Ah mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
Is love extinguiſh'd in the ſource of love?
"Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
From his embraces obſtinately broke?
Purſued, and panted for his mortal hate,
Earn'd my deſtruction, labor'd out my fate?
And dare I on extinguiſh'd love exclaim?
Take, take full vengeance, rouſe the ſlack'ning flame;
Juſt is my lot—but O! muſt it tranſcend
The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
"NEVER! where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound!
Down, down (I am ſtill falling, horrid pain!)
Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain:
My plunge but ſtill begun.—And this for ſin?
Could I offend, if I had never been,
But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs, happy maſs,
Flow'd in the ſtream, or flouriſh'd in the graſs?
"Father of mercies; why from ſilent earth
Didſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth?
Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light;
Puſh into being a reverſe of thee,
And animate a clod with miſery?
"The beaſts are happy: they come forth and keep
Short watch on earth, and then lay down to ſleep.
Pain is for man, and O! how vaſt a pain
For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,

And flung his agonies and death away?
As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
Our conſtitution too for ever young,
Curs'd with returns of vigor ſtill the ſame,
Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame.
Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſued!
To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, *my help! my God!* at thy decree?
Nature is chang'd and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
And canſt thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs!
Calling thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
Or pouring blaſphemies at thy deſire?
With mortals' anguiſh wilt thou raiſe *thy* name,
And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who can'ſt toſs the planets to and fro,
Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
On me almighty wrath is caſt away.
Call back thy thunders, Lord; hold in thy rage;
Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:
Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame,
But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine!
Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and O grant, great God, at leaſt
This one, this ſlender, almoſt no requeſt—
When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
When torment has grown weary of his prey,
When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
Ten thouſand thouſands, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late: the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,

Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favor'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their ſeats above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their almighty King;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain;
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chooſe a leſs, but not ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom:
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign: and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball:
Sharp lightnings with the meteor's blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,

Cities and defarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack--that ſound which
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook? [broke
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand—
A tow'ring monument of GOD's right hand:
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
High 'midſt the clouds the boiling ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreaſing ſhores;
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
In diſtant, diſmal pants, the long-liv'd echoes die.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honor, and redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Brittannia: Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realm defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas;
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay, where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Whereſtretch'd waſte Lybia? Where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, of earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conquering flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,

Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their prey,
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank; involv'd in flame,
The whole creation ſinks! the glorious frame,
In which ten thouſand worlds in radiant dance,
Orb above orb their wond'rous courſe advance,
By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The ſtars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is cruſh'd and loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtation of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's ſix days work devour.
How rich that God, who can ſuch charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thouſand worlds away!
Great wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expenſe.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurpriſes thro' all nature ran!
For whom theſe revolutions but for man?
For him Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glory fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures, thou ſhalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light

Foretells a noon moſt exquiſitely bright;
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *ſun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait.
Loſe not thy claim; let virtue's paths be trod:
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one ETERNAL DAY.

The DAY of JUDGMENT, an Ode, in Engliſh Sapphic.
By Dr. Watts.

WHEN the fierce North Wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a ſtorm of hail comes
Ruſhing amain down,
How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.
Such ſhall the noiſe be, and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;
Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
Breaks up old marble, the repoſe of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around them!
Hark, the ſhrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguiſh,
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thot's like cld vultures prey upon their heart-ſtrings
And the ſmart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty JUDGE frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.
Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver,
While devils puſh them to the pit wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.
Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come arile to JESUS,
How he ſits God-like! and the ſaints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!
O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our hoſannas all along the paſſage
Shout the Redeemer.

The GRAVE—A POEM, by Dr. Blair.

WHILST ſome affect the ſun and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life—the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the TOMB:
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe travellers meet.—Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal King! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains [thing!
The keys of hell and death.—The GRAVE, dread
Men ſhiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful waſtes!
Where naught but ſilence reigns, and Night, dark
Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant Sun [Night;
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The ſickly taper

By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd thick, perform their mystic rounds,
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lye interr'd the more illustrious dead,
The wind is up; hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy isles
Blackplaister'd, and hung round with shreads of scutch-
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound, [eons,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.——Rous'd from their
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms
(Coeval near with that) all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a top,
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,

When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night, I've ſeen
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine chequering through the trees
The ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones
(With nettles ſkirted and with moſs o'er grown)
That tell in homely phraſe who lye below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
Full faſt he flies, and dare s not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell),
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made *Widow*, too, I've ſometimes 'ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
Whilſt burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops: whilſt buſy meddling Memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.
Invidious *Grave!*—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit and ſympathy made one!
A tie more ſtubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety,
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labors of thy love,

And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe.—O! when my friends and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the ſhrill-tongue'd
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty Blackbird [Thruſh
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd every note:
The Eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the Roſe
Aſſum'd a die more deep; whilſt every flower
Vi'd with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dreſs.—O! then the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haſte; ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed,
Not to return; how painful the remembrance!
Dull *Grave*—thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth, [blood
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our *laughter* with the name of *madneſs*.
Where are the *Jeſters* now? the men of health,
Complexionally pleaſant? Where the *Droll*,
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and ſhouting crouds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd muſing melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile,
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The *Roman Cæſars* and the *Grecian Chiefs*,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the *Tiara* at his pleaſure tore
From Kings of all the then diſcover'd globe;
And cry'd, forſooth, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonorably ſlim,

And cramb'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name!
Proud *Royalty!* how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife.
Mute, muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born croud;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful *Grave*,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the *Heralds* duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple;
O cruel *Irony!* theſe come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honor.
Surely there's not a dungeon-ſlave that's bury'd
In the high-way, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in ſtate.
But ſee! the well-plum'd *Hearſe* comes nodding
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended [on
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour,
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd
And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unweildly ſhow; whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks, cloſe wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?

Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible?——Ye *Undertakers*, tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures ye exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir?——'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.
Proud *Lineage*, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man.
Honor, that meddleſome officious ill,
Purſues thee even to death; nor there ſtops ſhort,
Strange perſecution! when the *Grave* itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.
Abſurd to think to over-reach the *Grave*,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours.
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame
Die faſt away; only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd *Sculptor*, and the laurel'd *Bard*,
Thoſe bold inſurancers of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering *Pyramid*, th' *Egyptian*'s pride,
And wonder of the world, whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm:
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. O! lamentable ſight:
The labor of whole ages, lumbers down,
A hideous and miſhapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing Time: her cank'ring hand,
With calm delib'rate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,

Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty *Troublers of the Earth*,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule through ſeas of blood;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of power
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up,
To want the reſt; now, like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lye huſh'd and meanly ſneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral ſcorn,
That haunts and doggs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable.——Here too the *petty Tyrant*,
Whoſe ſcant domains *Geographer* ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighboring grounds, of arm as ſhort
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery
(As if a *Slave* was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his *Lord*;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman,
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jeſt; Vaſſal and Lord,
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.
When ſelf-eſteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething
Above the common level of our kind,
The *Grave* gainſays the ſmooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The *Grave* diſcredits thee; thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lillies foil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage!
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head now laid,

Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek
The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd.——For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labors at thy glaſs?
T' improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.
Strength too—thou ſurly, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village-ring;
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe, than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard?—deep groan indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabor'd, gaſps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread ſhoul-
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him, [ders?
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
O! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'croſs his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt.—See how the great *Goliah*,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill. What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty boaſter,
To vaunt of nerves of thine! What means the Bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,

And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?
With *ſtudy* pale and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar-ſurveying *Sage* cloſe to his eye
Applies the glaſs-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtacy of thought. But ah! proud Man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou drop'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where *nor Device nor Knowledge* ever came.
Here the *Tongue-Warrior* lies diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.
Great man of language—whence this mighty change,
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong Perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly Inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt
Unceaſing—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of Phraſe?
Ah! fled forever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of Fame; or more provoking
Perchance ſome hackney hunger-bitten Scribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with red reſentment the wan cheek.
Here the great maſters of the *Healing-art*,
Theſe mighty mock-defrauders of the *Tomb*,

Spite of their *Juleps* and *Catholicons*
Reſign to fate.—Proud *Æſculapius'* ſon,
Where are thy boaſted implements of Art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of Health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap'd thy raſling hand:—from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt thy ſhy-retiring Virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy-ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this *apparatus?* why this coſt?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the *Grave*,
Where are thy *recipes* and *cordials* now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou ſpeakeſt not.—The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-ſided *Miſer*, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous Appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in!
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his Gods, what has he left behind?
O! curſed luſt of gold; when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his int'reſt in both worlds:
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, *O Death!*
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions:
Who, counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenament,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,
But ſhrieks in vain!—How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!

A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might ſhe ſtay, to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage.—Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every Groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the Foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through every lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
'Till forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.
Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to *die!* My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulph in view!
That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide!
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt, *body* and *ſoul* muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witneſs of its actions, now its Judge;
That drops into the dark and noiſome *Grave*,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.
If *Death* was nothing, and naught *after death*;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—Then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear *Death*:—Then might the Wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.—Who could force
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes.—Sure he does well,

That helps himſelf as timely as he can,
When able.—But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, Conſcience, uninfluenc'd,
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then muſt it be an awful thing to *die*:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our iſland's ſhame:
That makes her the reproach of neighboring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not:—This we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till Heav'n ſhall give permiſſion:
Like centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.
Tell us, ye Dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
O! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out;
What 'tis *you* are, and *we* muſt ſhortly be.

I've heard, that ſouls departed, have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This ſtinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to *die?*—Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince *Death* had the majority;
Yet ſtrange! *the living lay it not to heart.*
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The *Sexton*, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a ſcull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus hand in hand,
The ſot has walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years;
And yet none yonder on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale: When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.
On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long-livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could ſcarce have leiſure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of *Death* and of *ourſelves*

At the ſame time: as if to learn to *die*
Were no concern of ours.—O! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a day, in gameſome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehenſive; when, for aught we know,
The very firſt ſwoln ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, *Time* hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs, unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.——What is *this World?*
What but a ſpacious *burial field* unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that liv'd muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offspring:—In their turns
They too muſt cover their's.——'Tis *here* all meet,
The ſhiv'ring *Icelander*, and ſun-burnt *Moor*;
Men of all climes that never met before;
And of all creeds, the *Jew*, the *Turk*, the *Chriſtian*.
Here the proud *Prince*, and *Favorite*, yet prouder,
His ſovereign's keeper, and the people's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight.—*Here* lye abaſh'd,
The great *Negociaters* of the earth,
And celebrated *Maſters of the balance*,
Deep read in ſtratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their *Treaty-ſkill*:—Death ſcorns to treat.
Here the o'erlaaded *Slave* flings down his burden
From his gall'd ſhoulders;—and when the cruel *Tyrant*
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm;—and, quick as thought, eſ-
Where Tyrants vex not, and the Weary reſt. [capes
Here the warm *Lover*, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale Echo and the bubbling ſtream
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love)
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down,

Unblaſted by foul tongue.—*Here* friends and foes
Lye cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds,
The lawn-rob'd *Prelate*, and plain *Preſbyter*,
Ere while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle *here*, like ſilver ſtreams
That ſome rude intervening rock had ſplit.
Here is the large-limb'd *Peaſant*:—*Here* the *Child*
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in Life's porch.
Here is the *Mother*, with her ſons and daughters:
The barren *Wife* and long-demurring *Maid*,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the *Prude* ſevere and gay *Coquette*,
The ſober *Widow* and the young queen *Virgin*,
Cropp'd like a roſe before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſcloſ'd. Strange medley *here!*
Here garrulous *Old-Age* winds up his tale;
And jovial *Youth*, of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe ev'ry day was made of melody, [*Shrew*,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The ſhrill tongu'd
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.
Poor *Man!*—how happy once in thy *firſt ſtate!*
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the *body*, and the *ſoul* ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſev'ral parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cauſe they ſhould;

For all was pure within: no fell remorſe,
Nor anxious caſtings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom.—Summer ſeas
Shew not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire—Scarce impertun'd,
The generous ſoil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But ah how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of Holy Men!
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.
O! ſlipp'ry ſtate of things!—What ſudden turns!
What ſtrange viciſſitudes in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory!—To-day moſt happy,
And ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes?
Thus far'd it with *our Sire*:—Nor long enjoy'd
His paradiſe.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot, due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up, when ſtraight he muſt be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And muſt he go?
Can naught compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd
Fain would he triſle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate; but 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place,
Offer'd in incenſe, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom—a mighty Angel,
With flaming ſword, forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewell round.—At once he loſt
His glory and his God.—If mortal now,
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder—*Man has ſinn'd.*
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!
Where the worſt thing could happen, is ſucceſs.)
Alas! too well he ſped:—the *Good* he ſcorn'd

Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return—or if it did, its viſits,
Like thoſe of *Angels*, ſhort and far between:
Whilſt the black *Dæmon*, with his hell-ſcap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the *Man*; who now too late
Saw the raſh error, which he could not mend:
An error, fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havoc haſt thou made, foul monſter, *Sin*!
Greateſt and firſt of ills—the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimenſions!—But for *thee*
Sorrow had never been!—All noxious things,
Of vileſt nature, other ſorts of evils
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce *Volcano*, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten ſtone, and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Marrs the adjacent fields for ſome leagues round,
And there it ſtops.—The big ſwoln *Inundation*,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of countries, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful far than theſe! *Sin* has laid waſte,
Not here and there a country, but a *World*:
Diſpatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their ſakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing! O! where ſhall Fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendantly malign,

That toads and ſerpents of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmleſs—Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſymptoms, racking pains
And blueſt plagues, are thine.—See how the Fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilſt deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new-ſpilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.
But hold—I've gone too far; too much diſcov-
My Father's nakedneſs, and Nature's ſhame. [er'd
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſarts *Death* hath ſpread,
This *Chaos* of mankind.—O great *Man-eater!*
Whoſe ev'ry day is *Carnival*, not fated yet!
Unheard of *Epicure!* without a fellow!
The verieſt *Gluttons* do not always cram;
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the appetite: *Thou* ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up,
This, leſs than *this*, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays his ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings,
As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know, that thou *muſt render up thy Dead*,
And with high int'reſt too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound from brazen trump,
Of ſtrong-lung'd cherub, ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.———
Then muſt thy gates fly open, and reveal

The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire,
And inquiſition of the forge.—We know
Th' illuſtrious deliverer of mankind,
THE SON OF GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'ſt not hold:—Self-vigorous he roſe,
And ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon reto.k
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall;)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to *choſen witneſſes*
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, ſoon drops its ball
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: As ſome great prince,
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lyes between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But nor untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off.—Beſides, there's no bye-road
To bliſs.—Then, why, like ill-conditi n'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to pur r air, and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er ſetting ſun?—Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be where ſweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's Even,
Faſt by the riv'let's brink, a youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!

This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.—Thrice welcome *Death!*
That after many a painful bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long wiſh'd for ſhore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing! *Death*, diſarm'd,
Loſes his fellneſs quite.—All thanks to him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.—Sure *the laſt end*
Of the good man is *Peace!* How calm his *Exit!*
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away;
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt coming harveſt.—*Then!*—O *then!*
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught.—O! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad *Soul*
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag *Fleſh*
Reſts too *in hope* of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain—The time draws on,
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial earth,
Whether on land or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long committed duſt
Inviolate:—And faithfully ſhall theſe

Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Embezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each *Soul* ſhall have a *Body* ready furniſh'd,
And each ſhall have his own.—Hence ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty GOD
Has done much more, nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
(Not unattentive to the call) ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its firſt ſtate.—Nor ſhall the conſcious *Soul*
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the croud
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night;
We make the *Grave* our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the ſhut of even, the weary Bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

The HERMIT—A POEM, by Parnell.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age, a reverend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well;

Remote from man, with GOD he paſs'd his days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure—praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe—
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubts of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
But all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt.
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees impending, grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow;
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun;
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books or ſwains report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell: the pilgrim ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs:
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cry'd;
And "Hail, my ſon," the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words; from queſtion, anſwer flow'd;
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun: the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides with graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive, the liv'ry'd ſervants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The Table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then, led to reſt, the days long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighboring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall:
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops, to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the fire, when, far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk, to part:
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds;
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert, ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat:
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain;
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt:)
Slow creeping, turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One ſrugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recals:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the ponderous hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face,
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious hoard
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh lord!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun, emerging, opes an azure ſky;

A freſher green the ſmiling leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad maiſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear:
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content—and not for praiſe, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come; for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer."
He ſpoke; and bid the welcome table ſpread;
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil; the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,

And breathe blue fire, could more affail his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a ſervant ſhow'd the way;
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide:
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſteks among the dead.
Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Deteſted wretch!"—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair round of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their radiant plumes diſplay,
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
"Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel!—thy fellow-ſervant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,

And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
" The Maker juſtly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends ;
'Tis ſtrus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than theſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.
" The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good—
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine—
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt."
" The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth, the metal learns to glow
And, looſe from dreſs, the ſilver runs below.
" Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run !
But GOD, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee in fits he ſeem'd to go ;
And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,

Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
" But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back!
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal;
Then what a fund of charity would fail!
" Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace; reſign, and ſin no more."
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The ſage ſtood wond'ring, as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd ELISHA, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

The HERMIT—By Dr. Beattie.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove—
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's ſong in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus begun,
Tho' mournful his numbers, his ſoul was reſign'd;
He thought as a ſage, though he felt as a man:
" Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
' Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy ſad ſtrain?
' For ſpring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow;
' And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain.
' Yet if pity inſpire thee, O ceaſe not thy lay!
'Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer; man calls thee to mourn:
' O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures, like thine, paſs away!

'Full quickly they paſs—but they never return!
'Now gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
'The moon, half extinct, a dim creſcent diſplays!
'But lately I mark'd when majeſtic on high
'She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze:
'Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
'The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again:
'But man's faded glory no change ſhall renew;
'Ah, fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!
''Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more:
'I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
'For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
'Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
'Kind Nature the embryo-bloſſom will ſave:
'But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mould'ring urn,
'O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!'
'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
'That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind:
'My tho'ts wont to roam, from ſhade on ward to ſhade,
'Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father, of light, then I cry'd,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
'Lo, humbled in duſt I relinquiſh my pride:
'From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free.
'And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away,
'No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
'So breaks on the traveller, faint and aſtray,
'The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
'See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph deſcending,
'And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom,
'On the cold cheek of Death ſmiles and roſes are blending,
'And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

An ELEGY—Written in a Country Church-Yard.

By Mr. Gray.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.
Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.
The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiſs to ſhare:
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.
The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.
Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſoothe the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtacy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.
Some village HAMPDEN, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may reſt;
Some CROMWELL guiltleſs of his country's blood.
The applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes—
Their lot forbade; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues; but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.
Far from the madding croud's ignoble ſtrife,

Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes, and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.
Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.
For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing, anxious being e'er reſign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate;
Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
"Briſhing, with haſty ſteps the dews away,
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
"That wreaths its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
"Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
"Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
"Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
"One morn I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
"Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,

" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
" The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn—

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth;
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompenſe as largely ſend:
He gave to Miſery all he had—a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his GOD.

An ESSAY on MAN—in Four Epiſtles, to H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke.

By Alexander Pope, Eſq.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the Univerſe.

OF Man in the abſtract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own ſyſtem, being ignorant of the relations of ſyſtems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being ſuited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The impiety of putting himſelf in the

place of God, and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations, ver. 109, &c. V. The abſurdity of conceiting himſelf the final cauſe of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreaſonableneſs of his complaints againſt Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the ſenſitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miſerable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal order and gradation in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a ſubordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much further this order and ſubordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation muſt be deſtroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madneſs, and pride of ſuch a deſire, ver. 250. The conſequence of all, the abſolute ſubmiſſion due to Providence, both as to our preſent and future ſtate, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings:
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flowers promiſcuous ſhoot
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe:
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God or thee?
II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon would'ſt thou
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little and ſo blind? find,
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made,
Taller or ſtronger, than the weeds they ſhade,
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labor'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dullneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect, as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate: [Fate,
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know;
Or, who could ſuffer being here below;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
O blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar:
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope, to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never *is*, but always to *be* bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heaven;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone engroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, men rebel;
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine;
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice neſtareous, and the balmy dew;

"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep!
"No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
"Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
"And what created perfect?"—why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral Order, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this man? now upward will he
And little leſs than Angel, would be more; [ſoar,

Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the furr of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd:
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain!
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heaven had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From poiſ'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'lling ſwine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reaſon, what a nice barrier!
Forever ſep'rate yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide
And Middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.

th unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
nd Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
g Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being wreck'd, and world on world;
whole foundations to their centre nod,
ure trembles to the throne of God.
dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
rm! O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
mere engines to the ruling mind?
bſurd for any part to claim
nother in this gen'ral frame;
bſur , to mourn the taſks or pains
at directing Mind of all ordains.
are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
ody Nature is, and God the ſoul;
ang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
the earth, as in the æthereal frame,
in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
n the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
ro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
undivided, operates unſpent;
s in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
as perfect, in a hair, as heart;
as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
apt Seraph that adores and burns:
no high, no low, no great, no ſmall,
he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name:
per bliſs depends on what we blame.
ny own point: This kind, this due degree
lneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
—In this or any other ſphere,
o be as bleſt, as thou canſt bear:
he hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
e natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, as an individual.

I. THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf. His middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two principles of Man, Self-Love and Reaſon, both neceſſary, ver. 53. &c. Self-Love the ſtronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the ſame, ver. 81, &c. III. The Paſſions, and their uſe, 93 to 130. The Predominant Paſſion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its neceſſity, in directing men to different purpoſes, ver. 165, etc. Its providential Uſe, in fixing our principles, and aſcertaining our Virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things ſeparate and evident. What is the Office of reaſon, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious vice is in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however the ends of Providence and general Good are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How uſeful they are to Society, ver. 261. And to Individuals, ver 263. in every ſtate, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt:
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,

Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of Truth in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to the empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhow'd a Newton as we ſhow an Ape.
Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end;
Alas, what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art:
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by paſſion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhow the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts

Of all, our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good to their improper Ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger as its object's nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe:
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtile ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,

Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide:
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in an froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt;
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On Life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the chart, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy?
Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God,
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and color of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,

The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different ſenſes, different objects ſtrike;
Hence different paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its ruling paſſion came;
Each vital humor which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and power;
As heaven's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,

And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſeveral men impels to ſeveral ends;
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expenſe:
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one intereſt, body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence, ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,

And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black, blend, ſoften and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the Extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed:
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Even thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious every man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And even the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For vice, or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſeveral goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole;
That counter-works each folly and caprice;

That diſappoints th' effect of every vice.
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride:
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crouds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no intereſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
To joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervent, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common intereſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe intereſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chymiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort every ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend;
See ſome fit paſſion every age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,

A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble joy?
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Even mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others' wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe:
'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wiſe.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Society.

I. THE whole univerſe one ſyſtem of ſociety, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happineſs of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reaſon or inſtinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reaſon or inſtinct operate alſo to ſociety in all animals, verſe 109. III. How far ſociety carried by inſtinct, verſe 115. How much further by reaſon, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, verſe 144. Reaſon inſtructed by inſtinct in the invention of arts, verſe 166, and in the forms of ſociety, verſe 176. V. Origin of political ſocieties, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, verſe 207. Patriarchal government, verſe 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the ſame principle of love, 231, &c. Origin of ſuperſtition and tyranny, from the ſame principle of fear, verſe 237. &c. The influence of ſelf-love operating to the ſocial and public good, verſe 266 Reſtoration of true religion and government on their firſt principle, verſe 285. Mixt government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

HERE then we reſt? The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the general good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flowery lawn;
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:

The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.
Know, nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his intereſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That every life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, nor feels the pain,
Than favor'd man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heaven aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that power which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beſide!
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labors at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food?
Preſcient, the ties or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as *De Moivre*, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, *Columbus* like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quickning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,

Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves a third time in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd, to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the intereſt and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age:
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the intereſt and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's ſtate they blindly trod;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid:
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt;
Heav'ns attribute was univerſal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer ſavage, man.
See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake—
"Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field:
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
"Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
"There towns aerial on the waving tree.
"Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
"The ant's republic and the realm of bees;
"How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
"And anarchy without confuſion know;
"And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
"Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
"Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
"In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
"Entangle juſtice in her net of law,

" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong :
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey :
" And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great nature ſpoke: obſervant man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made :
Here roſe one little ſtate ; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Bid here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend ?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common intereſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate ; [fate,
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as man :
Then looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon ;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one :

Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maſter, ſaw that all was right,
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſovereign being, but a ſovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter-work its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
'Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She, midſt the light'nings blaze, and thunders ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the reading earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heaven on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ætherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the *Flamen* taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders ſhook the world below.

And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives ſelf-love, thro' juſt, and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws;
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by ſelf defence,
Even kings learnt juſtice and benevolence.
Self-love forſook the path at firſt purſu'd
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ſtudious head, or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Reſum'd her ancient light, nor kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught powers due uſe to people and to kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, the greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one, muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring intereſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things;
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More powerful each, as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, man, or angel, ſervant, lord or king.
For forms of government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;

His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun:
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

I. FALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, verse 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, verse 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, verse 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, verse 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, verse 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, verse 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws, in favor of particulars, verse 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, verse 133, &c. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often incompatible with, or destructive of virtue, verse 167. That even these can make us happy without virtue: instanced in riches, verse 185. Honors, ver. 193. Nobility, verse 205. Greatness, verse 217. Fame, verse 237. Superior talents, verse 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, verse 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect is eternal, verse 309. &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, verse 326, &c.

O Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair opening to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind: [blind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſink to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs even virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe.
Remember, man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſomeway leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are and muſt be, greater than the reſt.
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe;
And nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In whom obtain defence, or who defend.
In him who is, or him who finds a friend,
Heaven breathes thro' every member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſs'd,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heaven's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
O ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heaven ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The Good or Bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains;
And grant the bad what happineſs they would,
One they muſt want, which is to paſs for good.
O blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe;
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See *Falkland* dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike *Turenne* proſtrate on the duſt!
See *Sydney* bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented *Digby*! ſunk thee to the grave,
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days an! honor, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or, why ſo (long in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,

r change admits, or nature lets it fall,
ıort, and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
/e juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
hat righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
s that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
/hen his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
hink we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe,
rone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
ɔrget to thunder and recal her fires?
n air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
/hen the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
ıall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
r ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
ɔr Charters' head reſerve the hanging wall!
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
ontents us not. A better ſhall we have?
kingdom of the juſt then let it be;
ut firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
he good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
ut who, but God, can tell us who they are!
ne thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
nother deems him inſtrument of hell;
Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
his cries there is, and that, there is no God.
/hat ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
or with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
he very beſt will variouſly incline,
nd what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.
/hatever is, is right—This world, 'tis true,
/as made for *Cæſar*—but for *Titus* too;
nd which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
r he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
/hat then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
hat, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
he knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,

The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent:
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? [Pow'r?"
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private! why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honor and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more, you cry, than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on Greatneſs, ſay where greatneſs lies,
"Where, but among the Heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak,

But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave,
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or falling, ſmiles in exile or in chains.
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that man is great indeed.
What's Fame?—a fancy'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death;
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown,
The ſame (my lord) if *Tully*'s or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes and friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An *Eugene* living as a *Cæſar* dead;
Alike or when, or where they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod:
An Honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert:
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæſar* with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all other's faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.

Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they mount;
How much of others each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd and always eaſe;
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the man to whom they fall!
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra* or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life;
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* wife.
If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venus roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now *Europe*'s laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! with no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous frame,
A tale that blends their glory with their ſhame!

VII. Know then this truth (enough for Man to [know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd, as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object; from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd:
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God:
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know.
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and love of Man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thine enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs, but height of Charity.
God loves from whole to Parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake:
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my friend! my Genius! come along;
O maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form by thy converſe, happily to ſteer,
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;

Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
O! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame—
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Show'd erring Pride, whatever is, is right;
That Reaſon, Paſſion, anſwer one great aim;
That true Self-love, and Social are the ſame;
That Virtue only makes our bliſs below,
And all our knowledge is, ourſelves to know.

An ESSAY on CRITICISM, written in the Year 1709.

By Alexander Pope, Eſq.

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'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs:
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, but each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heaven derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimmering light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right,
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by Ill-coloring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs nature meant but fools;
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence;
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If *Mævius* ſcribble in *Apollo*'s ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell them, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might an hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go:
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,

The ſolid power of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit;
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſervile province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear unchang'd and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides.
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirit feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed:
The winged courſer, like a generous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe rules of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature, ſtill, but nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd *Greece* her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on *Parnaſſus'* top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,

And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then criticiſm the Muſes handmaid prov'd
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page:
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticiſe.
Be *Homer*'s works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the *Mantuan* Muſe.

When firſt young *Maro* in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal *Rome* deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,

And but from nature's fountain ſcorn'd to draw:
And when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and *Homer*, were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules as ſtrict his labor'd work confine,
As if the Stagarite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence from ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus *Pegaſus*, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous tho'ts
Thoſe freer beauties, even in them, ſeem faults.

Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with the occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, ſeem ſometimes to fly,
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues, conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days!
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honors with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow.
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights:
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!
Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak hand with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirit's ſwell'd in wind:

Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurpriſe
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe;
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.

Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, *La Mancha*'s Knight they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could *Dennis*, of the *Grecian* ſtage;
Concluding all were deſperate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author happy in a judge, ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities, what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight,
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagarite.
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain;
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of leſs judgment than caprice,

Curious, not knowing; not exact but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos, and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for Language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill—the ſtile is excellent:
The ſenſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colors ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſt;
For diff'rent ſtiles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs, with country, town and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere moderns in their ſenſe;
Some labor'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaz'd th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as *Fungoſa* in the play,
Theſe ſparks with awkward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong:
And ſmooth or rough, with them is right or wrong,
In the bright Muſe, tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt *Parnaſſus* but to pleaſe their ear,
Nor mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, "it whiſpers through the trees:"
If chryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs *Alexandrine* ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow!
And praiſe the eaſy vigor of a line,
Where *Denham*'s ſtrength, and *Waller*'s ſweetneſs join.

True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw
The line too labors, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how *Timotheus'* vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of *Libyan* Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love!
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The power of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

Avoid extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle, ſcorn, to take offence,
That always ſhows great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dullneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize;
Thus Wit like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,

Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dullneſs joins with quality.
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus, through imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a Miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer now, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.

We think our father's fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School divines this zealous iſle o'er ſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read;
Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and *Thomiſts* now in peace remain,
Amid their kindred cobwebs in *Duck-Lane.*
If faith itſelf has different dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt *Dryden* roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaux,
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New *Blackmores* and new *Milbourns* muſt ariſe:
Nay, ſhould great *Homer* lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true;
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too powerful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But even thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all e'en we can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as *Chaucer* is, ſhall *Dryden* be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treacherous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt;
Like ſome fair flower the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies:
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit ſo much from ignorance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old thoſe met rewards, who could excel,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavor'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to Gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.

Now, they who reach *Parnaſſus'* lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the critic let the man be loſt.
Good nature and good ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err, is human—to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in thoſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dullneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe;
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold *Socinus* drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where heaven's free ſubjects might their rights diſ-
Left God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute: [pute,
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!

Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
Learn then what Morals critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candor ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complaiſance ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take,
But *Appius* reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremendous, with a threatning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honorable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;

ithout wit, are poets when they pleaſe,
ut learning they can take degrees.
ngerous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
ery to fulſome dedicators, [more,
when they praiſe, the world believes no
en they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
ritably let the dull be vain:
nce there is better than your ſpite,
can rail ſo long as they can write?
ming on, their drowſy courſe they keep,
'd ſo l ng, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
ps but help them to renew their race,
r ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
owds of theſe, impenitently bold,
s and jingling ſyllables grow old,
on poets in a raging vein,
the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
it the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
me with all the rage of impotence.
h ſhameleſs bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
re as mad, abandon'd critics too.
kful blockhead, ignorantly read,
ads of learned lumber in his head,
s own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
vays liſtning to himſelf appears.
ks he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
ryden's Fables down to *Durfey*'s Tales.
m, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
d not write his own Diſpenſary.
new play, and he's the poet's friend,
w'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
e ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd, [yard;
aul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-
y to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
ls ruſh in where angels fear to tread.
ful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
oks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
tling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,

And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd or by favor, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere:
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human-kind;
Generous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride!
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide.
Such once were critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and *Rome* in better ages knew.
The mighty *Stagirite* firſt lift the ſhore,
Spread all the ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, would preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers *Horace* more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See *Dionyſius Homer*'s thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!

ıcy and art in gay *Petronius* pleaſe,
ɔlar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
ɡrave *Quintillian*'s copious work, we find
eſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
ɛful arms in magazines we place,
'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
'or uſe, and ready at command.
ɛe, bold *Longinus!* all the Nine inſpire,
ſs their critic with a poet's fire.
nt judge, who zealous in his truſt,
armth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
ɔwn example ſtrengthens all his laws;
ıimſelf that great ſublime he draws.
ıs long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
ɡ and *Rome* alike in empire grew;
ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew;
e ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
ſame age ſaw learning fall, and *Rome*.
ranny, then ſuperſtition join'd,
the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
as believ'd, but little underſtood,
ɔe dull was conſtru'd to be good;
d deluge learning thus o'er run,
monks finiſh'd what the *Goths* begun.
length *Eraſmus* that great injur'd name,
ıry of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
ıve thoſe holy *Vandals* off the ſtage.
: ſee! each muſe, in *Leo*'s golden days,
om her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
ncient genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
ɔff the duſt, and rears his reverend head,
ılpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
eap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
ɾeeter notes each riſing temple rung;
ıel painted, and a *Vida* ſung.

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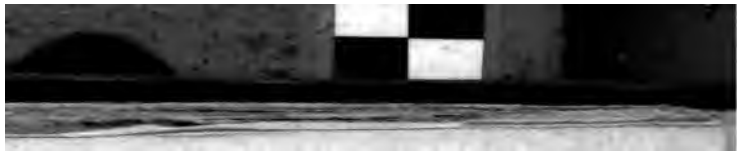


Immortal *Vida!* on whoſe honor'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from *Latium* chac'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And *Boileau* ſtill in right of *Horace* ſways.
But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the *Romans*, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was *Roſcommon*, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was *Walſh*—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive;
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful muſe may give:
The muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;

Averſe alike, to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

The MESSIAH—A SACRED ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

By Alexander Pope, Eſq.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd *Iſaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From *Jeſſe*'s root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flower with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' Æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhower!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
O ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing Spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly *Sharon* riſe,

And *Carmel*'s flowery top perfumes the ſkies.
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rock's proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks: ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wandering ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And th broad faulchion in a plough-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
There vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,

And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amid the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On lifted rocks the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
The leafleſs ſhrubs the flowery palms ſucceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tyger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe crown'd with light, imperial *Salem*, riſe!
Exult thy towery head and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of *Sabæan* ſprings!
For thee *Idumea*'s ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold on *Ophir*'s mountains glow.
See heaven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor evening *Cynthia* fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine

Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving power remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts—thy own Meſſiah reigns!

ELEGY to the Memory of an Unfortunate LADY.

By Alexander Pope, Eſq.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe! but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly!—tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act the lover's, or a *Roman's* part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye powers! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres:
Like Eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,

And ſep'rate from the kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death:
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (O ever-injur'd ſhade)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rights unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honor'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb!—
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
An heap of duſt alone remains of thee.
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou be lov'd no more!

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL—An ODE.

By Alexander Pope, Eſq.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame;
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper, angels ſay
Siſter ſpirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,

Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

PROLOGUE to ADDISON's TRAGEDY of CATO.

By Alexander Pope, Eſq.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age:
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſt with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *Britiſh* eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and godly *Cato* was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.

While *Cato* gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe!
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud *Cæſar*, 'mid triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honor'd *Cæſar*'s leſs than *Cato*'s ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd,
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On *French* tranſlation, and *Italian* ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage;
Such plays alone ſhould win a *Britiſh* ear,
As *Cato*'s ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

The TRAVELLER—Or a PROSPECT of SOCIETY.

By Dr. Goldſmith.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanded to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,

[y heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee—
till to my brother turns with ceaſeleſs pain,
nd drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
nd round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
left be that ſpot where cheerful gueſts retire
o pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
left that abode, where want and pain repair,
nd every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
left be thoſe feaſts where mirth and peace abound,
Vhere all the ruddy family around
augh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
r ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
r preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
nd learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
[y prime of life in wand'ring ſpent, and care!
npell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
ome fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
hat, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
llures from far, yet as I follow, flies:
[y fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
nd find no ſpot of all the world my own,
'n now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
ſet me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
nd, plac'd on high, above the ſtorm's career,
ook downward where a hundred realms appear;
akes, foreſts, cities, plains extended wide,
he pomp of kings, the ſhepherds humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
midſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
ay, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
hat good, which makes each humbler boſom vain?
et ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
heſe little things are great to little man;
nd wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
xults in all the good of all mankind.
eglittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd,

Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.
As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man ſupplies,
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amid the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt,
Yet, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long night of revelry and eaſe.
The naked negro panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is, at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare;
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind.
As different good, by art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their bleſſings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at Labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd

In Idra's cliff as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks by cuſtom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the bleſſings ſent:
Wealth, ſplendor, honour, liberty, content:
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Hence every ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favorite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aim at other ends,
Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us view theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep and ſighs at every blaſt.
Far to the right, where Appenine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Her uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mouldering top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.
Could nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern sky
With vernal leaves that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,

And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men ſeem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain:
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flouriſh'd thro' the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long fall'n column ſought the skies,
The canvaſs glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other ſhores her ſail;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave.
Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupply'd
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph, and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child:
At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.
When noble aims have ſuffered long control,
They ſink at laſt, or feebly man the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amid the ruin heedleſs of the dead,

The ſhelter ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And wand'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul, turn from them; turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy mânnons tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly ſoothes the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, e'en here, Content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trouls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,

Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And ev'n thoſe hills that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Theſe are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
Since every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Hence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till buried, in debauch, the bliſs expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd their manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart:
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons, cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and c[illegible]m our way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly

To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.
To kinder ſkies where gentler manners reign,
We turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe beſide the murmuring Loire!
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harſh touch faultering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of antient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.
So bright a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay;
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here,
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd; they give, to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.
But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought:
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence Oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,

And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year:
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride:
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
Spreads its long arms amid the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore:
While pent the ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.
Thus while around the wave ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And Induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But, view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n Liberty itſelf is barter'd here:
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſleep beneath the ſtorm.
Heavens! how unlike the Belgic ſires of old!

gh, poor, content, ungovernably bold!
r in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
' much unlike the ſons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
l flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
:re lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpes glide,
re all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
:e gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
ıtion's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
'ames are only in the maſter's mind:
n o'er each boſom Reaſon holds her ſtate,
h daring aims irregularly great:
e in their port, defiance in their eye,
the lords of human kind paſs by,
nt on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from Nature's hand;
ce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
e to imagin'd right, above control:
ile ev'n the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
learns to venerate himſelf as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
ıe are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
bleſt, indeed, were ſuch without alloy,
foſter'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy;
t Independence Britons prize too high,
ɔs man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
kindred claims that ſoften'd life unknown:
e by the bonds of nature feebly held,
ds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
nents ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
reſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore;
ilſt, over wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
ıotion ſtop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.
Nor this the worſt. As ſocial bonds decay;
luty, love and honour, fail to ſway,
tious bonds the bonds of wealth and law,

To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrants laws reſtrain,
How ſmall, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure!
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all our own.

The DESERTED VILLAGE—A POEM.

By Dr. Goldſmith.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliеſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring ſwain,
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when every ſport could pleaſe,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſpering lovers made:
How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath a ſpreading tree;

While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſleights of art, and feats of ſtrength went round;
And ſtill, as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village; ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught even toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their cheerful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain.
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way:
Along thy glades a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt:
Amid thy deſart walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd:—Trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain.
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repoſe;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that ask'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe far departing ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd return'd to view,
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful, penſive ſteps I range,
Trace every ſcene and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells on my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes, my lateſt hours to crown,
Amid theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
My anxious day to huſband near the cloſe,
And keep life's flame from waſting by repoſe;
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amid the ſwains to ſhow my book learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I ſaw:

And, as a hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.
O bleſt retirement!—friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine:
How bleſt is he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe!
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way,
And all his proſpects brightening at the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt.
Sweet was the ſound, when oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe:
There, as I paſs'd with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young:
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool:
The watch dog's voice that bay'd the whiſpering wind
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind:
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail:
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No buſy ſteps the graſs grown foot way tread,
But all their bloomy flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;

She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhade and weep till morn:
She only left, of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place:
Unskillful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhow'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And, ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,

He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beſide the bed where panting life was laid,
And ſorrow, gilt and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his control,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul.
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faltering accents whiſper'd praiſe.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile;
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſs'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſs'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heav'n:
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.
Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that skirts the way,
With blooſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noiſy manſion skill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool:
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere, in aught,
The love he bore to learning was his fault.

The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too:
Lands he could meaſure, times and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For, ev'n though vanquiſh'd he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length and thundering ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around:
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd:
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place:
The white waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve gold rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea cups wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

Vain, tranſitory ſplendors! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad ſhall prevail;

No more the ſmith his dusky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his ponderous ſtrength and learn to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.
Yes, let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts and owns their firſt born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, e'en while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart, diſtruſting, aſks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen, who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green:

Aroudd the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleaſure all,
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.
As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitious to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,
But verging to decline, its ſplendors riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And, while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, Ah, where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare worn common is deny'd.
If to the city ſped—what waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here while the proud their long drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet blooms beſide the way.
The dome where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train:

Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare:
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhivering female lies;
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſs'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſs'd;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn;
Now loſt to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door, ſhe lays her head;
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread;
Ah! no.—To diſtant climes a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore,
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe poiſonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men, more murderous ſtill than they;
While oft in worlds the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.

Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.
Good heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away!
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd, in vain,
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, who firſt prepar'd to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's, for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſs'd the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſp'd them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
While her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the decent manlineſs of grief.
O Luxury! Thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.
E'en now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;

E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land;
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented Toil, and hoſpitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderneſs, are there;
And Piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit, in theſe degenerate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride;
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
Thou found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well:
Farewell—and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow:
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redreſs the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted Truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſs'd
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſs'd;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA—A BALLAD.

By Dr. Goldſmith

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hoſpitable ray.
For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
With fainting ſteps and ſlow:
Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
Seem lengthening as I go."
"Forbear, my ſon," (the hermit cries)
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.
Here to the houſeleſs child of want
My door is open ſtill;
And though my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will.
Then turn to night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
My bleſſing and repoſe.
No flocks that range the valley free
To ſlaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
And water from the ſpring.
Then pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:

The grateful ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.
Far ſhelter'd in a glade obſcure,
The modeſt manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.
No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The door juſt opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.
And now when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;
And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſs'd and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.
Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.
But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe:
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.
His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſs'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?
From better habitations ſpurn'd,
Reluctant doſt thou rove,
Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love.
Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay:
And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
More trifling ſtill than they.

And what is friendſhip but a name,
A charm that lulls to ſleep;
A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?
And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
The haughty fair one's jeſt,
On earth unſeen, or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt.
For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid;
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
The bluſhful gueſt betray'd.
He ſees unnumber'd beauties riſe,
Expanding to the view;
Like clouds that deck the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.
Her looks, her lips, her panting breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.
And, "Ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
"Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reſide.
But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds Deſpair
Companion of her way.
My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he:
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.
To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.
Each morn the gay fantaſtic crowd
With richeſt proffers ſtrove:

Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.
In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad;
No wealth nor power had he;
A conſtant heart was all he had,
But that was all to me.
The bloſſom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could naught of purity diſplay,
To emulate his mind.
The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine:
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their conſtancy was mine.
For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.
Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride;
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
In ſecret, where he dy'd.
But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay.
And there, forlorn, deſpairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I."
"Thou ſhalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.
"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to ſee
Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care reſign:
And ſhall we never, never part,
O th u—my all that's mine?
No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

The DESERTED HOUSE.

By an American.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini
Hanc Remus et frater: ſic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma.

ON yonder green, beneath thoſe tufted trees
Whoſe foliage trembles in the doubtful breeze,
Where yonder moſs-grown manſion, nodding, ſtands,
And frowns, in ſullen ſadneſs o'er the lands,
In peace and ſilence, dwelt the houſhold train,
Whoſe harmleſs labor dreſs'd the ſmiling plain.
There Induſtry humm'd ever round the ſcene,
And cheerful Competence tripp'd o'er the green.
Bright Health, ſate perching on each roſy face,
And careleſs Joy gay titter'd through the place;
And all the Virtues, free from pride and guile,
Op'd Eden's bloom, ſtill bright with Eden's ſmile
Oft, while the morn its roſy bluſhes ſpread,
And frequent dew-drops gliſten'd o'er the mead,
Pleas'd have I paus'd on yonder hillock green,
And mark'd, at diſtance ſmall, the buſy ſcene;
The buſtling hind, by prudent care impell'd,
The whiſtl'ing boy, who drove the kine a-field,

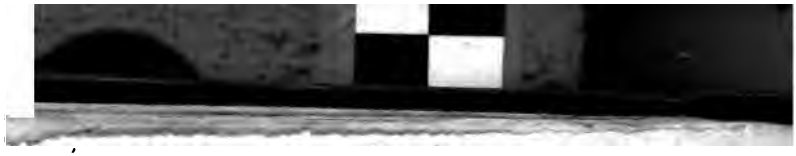
The ruddy children, dreſt by niceſt rule,
Who louſely frolic'd, as they hied to ſchool;
The ploughman chiding, ſlow the team behind,
The ſpinſter's ſong, that charm'd the ling'ring wind,
The cock, ſure omen of a viſit near,
While on the threſhold rung his clarion clear,
The diſtant murmers of the mazy rill,
The lowing herds reſponſive o'er the hill,
The ſimple ſheep-bell, tinkling in the vale,
The hum of bees, that lull'd the buſy gale,
While all the merry minſtrels of the grove
Tun'd their gay wild-notes to the ſong of love.
Fair, lovely manſion, faireſt of the plain,
Where every bleſſing cheer'd the village train,
How pleas'd the mind recals thy pleaſures flown,
And every charm to me, in childhood known;
Th' indulgent father, ſmiling, as he ſees
His playful ſon hang round the parents' knees;
The mother, hanging o'er her infant's form,
Her features gathering, at th' approach of harm,
While her ſad daughter ſhar'd the riſing fear,
And oft repreſs'd the fondly ſtarting tear;
And all the little flock around the hearth,
Arous'd the pulſe of joy, with antic mirth!
There once the moral ſong could win the heart,
And the ſad tale ſweet ſympathy impart;
The ruſtic ſports the evening hours beguile,
And pranks of infants 'wake the parent's ſmile;
While all around contraſted bleſſings ſhone,
Each care forgotten, and each grief unknown.
There too, when ſummer warm'd the red'ning, ſkies,
And the ſhorn wheat-field met the wand'ring eyes,
How often have I hail'd the harveſt home,
And ſeen, with joy, the jocund reapers come,
Around the feſtive board delighted throng,
Taſte the glad feaſt, and raiſe the grateful ſong;
Soon too the well-dreſt laſſes gathering round,

Reſponſive hail the muſic's cheering ſound;
Then roſe the maiden's half-heard whiſpers here,
The briſker chat, and laugh immingled there;
The matron ſmil'd, her daughter's ſtep to praiſe—
Her own light movement in her dancing days—
While ſwains alert, gay-bound, with geſtures rude,
Watchful to turn, and anxious to be view'd;
And rivals, round the belle, oſſicious vie,
And maids half envious caſt a ſide-long eye.
When the ſtill ſabbath dawn'd with ray ſerene,
The little flock ſtray'd o'er the village green,
Early to church their well-known path to trace,
The children following with unequal pace,
All dreſs'd in neat attire—an happy train,
Like wild-flowers, beauteous, on the verdant plain.
There, round the pew, they watch'd with ſolemn eye,
Each word to gather, and each truth deſcry;
There learn'd how vain this momentary life,
How full of guilt and danger, pain and ſtrife;
How ſudden death ſoon ſeals our endleſs doom,
How ever-gaping lies the lowly tomb;
What duties muſt be done—what ſins forgiv'n;
How ſtrait and narrow is the path to Heaven;
How faith muſt triumph in the Saviour's blood,
Love flow to man, and piety to God.
And when the worſhip paſs'd, return'd the train,
The grave good man the word rehears'd again.
And charg'd, with ſolemn voice, his flock around,
And prov'd, by many a text, the doctrine ſound;
Each form was fix'd—forgot each childiſh play,
And kept, with ſacred awe, the hallowed day.
When buſtling Monday's ſun had hurried by,
The parlor deck'd beneath the daughter's eye,
To this lov'd ſpot, delighted would repair,
On the kind viſit bent, the village fair;
Here met the ſmile that dimpled o'er the face,
A kind reception and a warm embrace;
And, free from forms and ſtarch, at eaſe, at home,

While inward joys ſurround the little room.
The happy train the tale of friendſhip told
Of matches new, and faſhions long ſince old.
Or, round the tea-board, while the matron ſeer
Their cruel fortunes told, oft ſigh'd to hear;
Or gaily frolic'd, in the court-yard green,
Nor wiſh their ſports of neighb'ring ſwains unſeen;
Join'd in the tittering laugh, or plaintive ſong,
And check'd each ploughman's team that paſs'd along.
'Twas native pleaſure all—and unconfin'd;
Save when ſlight envy touch'd the little mind,
To ſee ſome rival fair more gaily dreſs'd,
Or finer Ribbons knotted on her breaſt.
The elder ſon was thought a genius rare,
While yet his rattle was his only care;
Many his deeds, by which a mother tells
How much her ſon all other boys excels.
Ere his firſt year was paſs'd, he walk'd alone,
And more than ſtammer'd ere the next was gone;
His wiſdom too, ſuperior to his age,
Ev'n while an infant he was deem'd a Sage;
And while at ſchool, of genius made ſuch ſhew,
As ſcar'd the parents and the maſter too.
His parents ſoon his taſte for learning ſaw,
And hail'd ſome future barriſter at law,
And pleas'd, conſign'd him to the Parſon's care,
Where ruſtic boys for college life prepare.
There *Lillie*'s rules perplex'd his buſy brain,
And great *Eraſmus* read and read again;
While many a volume on his ſhelf appears,
Bright from the duſt of full twice fifty years.
Pleas'd did the village all his deeds behold,
And oft his praiſe, the wondering Parſon told!
At length, to College ſent, he paſs'd his life,
Thro' each grave term, in ſober ſtudious ſtrife,
His peers excell'd, the envied laurel won,
And claim'd each claſſic honor for his own;
And, while his audience ſmil'd his worth to ſee,

With lengthen'd viſage took his firſt degree.
Thence he return'd, his native ſpot to view,
And tell of all he ſaw and all he knew;
To tell how ſome by midnight lamps grew pale;
Some "hold the eel of ſcience by the tail;"
How ſome to darkeſt depths of gaming fall,
Though, thanks to Heaven, their number then was ſmall;
Some chang'd from men to beaux the pretty face,
And form well-trim'd, explore before the glaſs,
Or trip acroſs the green with modiſh ſtrut,
Their dread ſupreme a feather on the coat;
While ſome, ſad deſtiny, to miſchief given,
From learning's ſacred haunts expel'd were driven.
Such was his tale—his parents fondly heard,
While much of wiſdom in his look appear'd,
While all the ruſtic train were gather'd round,
And ſmil'd and wonder'd at his lore profound.
Here once the elder daughter charm'd the ſwains,
And, woman-like, ſcarce griev'd at all their pains.
To win the maid full many a ruſtic ſtrove,
And artleſs told, in ſimple ſtrains, his love:
His tales ſhe heard, their meaning never knew,
Yet ſtill, I ween, believ'd them always true;
For ſtill the ſelf-approving ſmile reveal'd
What ſhy reſerve had vainly half conceal'd.
The lovely maid, as every ſwain can tell,
Was fond of ſhew, and ſhone the village belle,
And much was griev'd whene'er ſhe hap'd to ſee
A rival fair more gaily dreſs'd than ſhe;
In every charm t' excel no leſs her care,
Than in the haughty mind of th' courtly Fair.
Harmleſs the conteſt, ſuch as children plan
To ape, from malice free, the ſtrife of man;
Her Sire, with mild good nature, often chid,
Her wants imagin'd, and her needy pride;
From golden times, rehears'd examples grave,
That plain and tidy happier leſſons gave;

And told how once New-Albion's daughter liv'd,
Meek, modeſt, neat, and ne'er for gew-gaws griev'd;
Conſtant at church, in decent guiſe, appear'd,
Learn'd to be good, and practis'd what they heard,
Or by the fire-ſide turn'd the merry wheel,
And ſpun the gown that grac'd their forms ſo well;
In homeſpun plain, how all content, were clad—
A ſplendid dreſs—for 'twas the beſt they had;
While rolls of linen whiten'd at the door,
And ſturdy plain-cloth warm'd the humble poor.
Thus liv'd the fair—a lovely, rural maid,
Fair as the roſe that decks the woodland ſhade;
Her care the garden—the green-arching bower,
The well-rang'd bed, and ſweetly-opening flower;
The ruſtic furniture, the parlor gay,
The punctual viſit on th' appointed day,
The younger children's dreſs and manners too,
Politeneſs taught them, as in years they grew,
The needle's taſk, while, by the window's ſide,
She ſhap'd the flower, the work of rural pride,
Her ſunday dreſs, and ſacred worſhip o'er,
At eve, her lover, ſounding at the door;
And ever and anon, as ſwains repin'd,
The thoughts of wedlock ſtole upon her mind.
When firſt the morning ſhone, the houſhold roſe,
Blithe as the lark, from evening's ſweet repoſe,
A chapter then was read, in ſolemn guiſe,
And prayer upwing'd its incenſe to the ſkies;
Next, all induſtrious, mingled on the green;
For daily toil preparing, each was ſeen;
The mother culling from her frugal board,
With wholeſome viands ſpread the decent board,
The children, waiting at the maſter's call,
In haſte for ſchool quick hurried from the hall;
Then to the field the father bent his way;
His ſons around him, ſhar'd the toilſome day;
And gather'd too the buſy hir'd train,
With merry labor, cheer'd the pleaſant plain,



Their artleſs ſongs the ſhort-liv'd pauſe employ,
And tell to diſtant fields their frolic joy.
At weary noon, from toil, when lab'rers ceaſe,
Their ſports went round beneath the ſpreading trees;
Their age rehears'd its feats of earlier days, [bays;
While the proud champion claim'd the wreſtler's
And mingled chat amus'd the jocund train,
'Till toil renewing, call'd them forth again.
Return'd, at evening, when beneath the ſhade,
They found the healthful board already ſpread;
Sweet cheerfulneſs their leiſure moments bleſs'd,
Peace clos'd the day, and prayer ſecur'd their reſt.
The village all with ſingle voice declare
The many virtues of the ancient pair,
In evening groups, the themes that oft prevail,
As ſons rehearſe their bleſs'd forefather's tale.
His threeſcore years the good man ſhar'd below,
To ſerve his God, and ſoothe his fellow's woe;
The village *Waſhington*, he left a name,
In ruſtic annals, dear to laſting fame.
Where yonder church adorns the cheerful green,
His bounty's monument may ſtill be ſeen;
And where the ſchool-houſe ſtands with open door,
And charitable learning deals her lore,
The genius of the ſpot extends the bays,
And ſadly ſeems, in act, to ſpeak his praiſe.
His houſe was free to all the village train,
And each ſad wanderer there forgot his pain.
Oft to his manſion did the youth reſort,
While many a gambol frolic'd in the court;
Pleas'd would the maſter eye the ſportive choir,
Grow young again, and glow with youthful fire;
The ſun declin'd, ſo, ere the approach of even,
Lights, with a twilight flaſh, the fading heaven.
Oft did the aged hinds, at eve, retire,
With ſmiles of gladneſs welcom'd to his fire;
Where politics were taught, with honeſt zeal,
And deep-laid ſchemes t' advance the nation's weal;

Where, in her ancient chair, in ruſtic ſtate,
Grave Juſtice ſolv'd the intricate debate,
And parties learn'd no more to diſagree,
The crafty lawyer hopeleſs of his fee,
The timid ſtranger ſeated at his board,
With bluſhes, thank'd its hoſpitable lord;
In grave narration told his travels o'er,
Alternate liſtening to the maſter's lore,
'Till morning came, ſtill longer wiſh'd a gueſt,
He took his leave, by all the houſhold bleſt.
Conſtant the needy to his ſide, repair'd,
And every villager his bounty ſhar'd.
The reverend preacher, worn with years and toil,
Receiv'd his annual preſent with a ſmile;
The hopeſt laborer, at ſettling day,
Bore to his flock his ſure reward away;
The cottage children, ſhivering at the blaſt,
With aſking eyes here claim'd their bleſt repaſt;
As doves, when winter holds its frozen reign,
Fly hovering round to ſeek the falling grain,
The wretched beggar preſs'd to taſte his food,
Still mutters praiſes for each proffer'd good,
And white with age, and bending as he goes,
Still turns to point the ſpot where all his bleſſings roſe.
Such joys, ſweet, humble manſion, once were thine!
And in my happier hours, thoſe joys were mine.
But now each charm has fled the faded green!
And deſolation ſpreads the cheerleſs ſcene!
No more the orchard bloſſoms on the plain,
Where, ſcatter'd round, a few ſhorn trunks remain;
The blooming mead rude buſhes cover o'er,
And the gay verdure wears its ſmile no more;
The cornfield lies a wide and open waſte,
By the ſad mullen and wild-brier defac'd;
From the lone hills the ſportive flocks have ſtray'd,
And thorns entwine, where erſt the lambkins play'd.
At eve the moping owl begins her ſong,

And defart ſhades the hollow dirge prolong;
The fox obſcene, each grove with howlings, fills;
Where erſt gay bleatings charm'd the neighb'ring hills.
In the clean court-yard, 'mid the rankling weeds,
No roſes bloſſom, and no footſtep treads;
The brook unſeen, through tangled willows, glides,
Choak'd by the graſs that bends along its ſides;
No more, in order, nice, the garden ſtands,
Its flow'rets foſter'd by the daughter's hands;
But ſickly plants and ſtraggling bloſſoms ſhew
Where once the flow'r-bed ſmil'd, and fennel grew;
While thiſtles nod, and clinging nettles twine,
And choak the cluſters of the fallen vine,
And wand'ring beaſts, with careleſs footſteps tread,
And the fly green ſnake darts along the glade.
But chief the manſion yields, to time a prey,
And mouldering, tottering, haſtens to decay!
No more the chimney-top invites the eye,
No more the ſmoak, in curls, aſcends the ſky;
The moſſy roof hangs waving, to its fall,
And ſullen ivy ſpreads the darken'd wall;
The windows gone unhing'd, the creaking door;
Thro' the lone rooms the hollow tempeſts roar;
The white-waſh'd plaiſter crumbling ſpreads around,
And furniture, in fragments, ſtrews the ground.
This ſweet receſs no tenant long has bleſs'd,
Save the ſmall ſwallow twitt'ring o'er her neſt,
Or vagrant raven, on the ridge, that ſings,
Or evening bat, that ſpreads his duſky wings.
Or when, at noon, the baſking adder lies,
Deaf his dull ear, and cloſ'd his ſleepy eyes;
Or loathſome newts crawl from the poſt decay'd,
And haunt the threſhold, where the children play'd.
No more glad Induſtry, with buſy hum,
Wakes the gay ſong, or buſtling treads the room;
No more the cheerful hind at peep of day,
Reſumes his toil and ſweeps the dew away;
No more the plough-boy ſprings, from freſh repoſe,

To join his ſteers, and whiſtle as he goes;
The cart each morn, that rumbled at the door,
And kine at evening, ſhall be heard no more;
No more the liſtening zephyrs ſhall prolong
The babe's ſweet prattle, or the ſpinſter's ſong;
No more ſhall gaily whirl the noiſy wheel;
Nor click the index of the meaſuring reel;
Nor charming group of viſitors unite
T' relieve each care, and homebred bliſs invite;
Nor the ſweet daughter lure the love-ſick ſwain
Hither to wind his evening walk again;
Paſt is the ſcholar's fame—the hinds no more
Shall gaze and wonder at his College lore;
The moral ſong, the ſympathetic tale,
In theſe ſad walls, ſhall never more prevail!
Since firſt I bade theſe peaceful ſcenes adieu,
And took, with many a ſigh, the final view,
Doom'd, in misfortune's train, thro' life's ſad way,
To ſee go down full many a cheerleſs day,
Tho' o'er my parting ſorrows years had run,
Myſelf much chang'd by time, and hardly known,
Still faithful memory this picture trac'd,
And bleſs'd the ſpot where all my childhood paſs'd;
And as the wretch the dim ſeen taper guides,
Hopes the ſtill cot, where hermit peace abides,
So all my wandering paſs'd, I hop'd to find
This little ſpot to real bliſs conſign'd—
To ſee the houſhold flock around the fire,
The children liſtening to the taleful Sire,
To hear the ſong—the harmleſs ſports to join,
Live o'er paſt days, and call theſe bleſſings mine!
But vain the darling hope—theſe joys are fled,
And the bleſs'd parents number'd with the dead.
In yonder church-yard, cold their aſhes lie,
Where humble tomb-ſtones teach the hind to die:
There artleſs lines their pious worth proclaim,
There, half-conceal'd by moſs, is grav'd each name;
Above, dread image! frown a face of death,

And many a ſacred text is read beneath.
Th' untended flocks, that prov'd their watchful care,
Croſs the green turf, as wild they wander there,
While the poor hinds, their friends, in former days,
Drop the ſad tear, and tell the tale of praiſe.
O why did Av'rice change to ſtone the heart,
And bid a brother act a tyrant's part?
Or why was wealth to wretched mortals given
To taint the ſoul, and lure the feet from heav'n?
The younger ſon, a prey to harpy hands,
With all his houſhold, fled to diſtant lands,
In deſart fields to find a dreary grave,
Where far Ohio rolls his turpid wave,
Where the dark Indian, lawleſs, roams the wood,
And the fierce panther eager ſcreams for blood.
There, chill'd by penury, and to grief a prey,
Thro' the lone wild they trace their devious way;
The lovely children, ſcatter'd o'er the waſte,
Glean the rude haw or pick the fallen maſt,
There call to mind this happy ſpot of earth,
Where the wild morning dawn'd upon their birth,
And think of former joys, now doubly dear,
The chiklish friendſhips that were cheriſh'd here,
The garden, fire-ſide, and the ſhady grove,
Where baſhful whiſpers plighted early love,
And all the fond companions of their youth,
The harmleſs mirth and unſuſpected truth,
The morning piety, the evening praiſe,
The peaceful nights, the buſy, jocund days;
There too their foul oppreſſors riſe to ſight,
Of peace the canker, and of hope the blight;
Their parents buried in the diſtant tomb,
And the laſt farewell to their darling home.
Ev'n now perhaps, as all their fate bewail,
The luckleſs daughter tells the flock their tale,
Or ſits her down, while tears inceſſant flow,
Where wild Ohio drowns the voice of woe,
And mourns, like *Sappho*, on Leucadia's ſhore,

Some Phaon preſent to her eyes no more.*
Adieu, unhappy train, ſweet maid, adieu!
And O may heaven your former bliſs renew,
Around your path, expand a guardian ſhade,
And bid kind angels watch your lonely bed;
To me your welfare be for ever dear,
Your woes ſtill honor'd with th' impaſſion'd tear;
From me your lovely image never part,
But find a ſad remembrance in my heart,
'Till paſs'd this vale of grief, our ſpirits riſe
To happier manſions, in their native ſkies.
And thou, bleſt Muſe, that tun'ſt theſe humble lays,
My lov'd companion, e'en in childiſh days,
Lur'd by whoſe charms I left the giddy throng,
In early years, to build th' unpoliſh'd ſong,
Dear, lovely maid, neglected and forlorn,
Pride of the few, the taſteleſs rabble's ſcorn,
Unſkill'd, in times like theſe, the ſoul to fire,
Tho' ſounds celeſtial tremble from thy lyre,
Farewell—and O, where'er thy voice prevails,
On northern cliffs, or in the ſouthern vales,
Where Thames the fruits of fartheſt India yields,
Or gentle Avon decks my native fields;
Still may'ſt thou ſing in nature's artleſs ſtrain,
The home-born bleſſings of the houſhold train;
Still may the village hind recount them o'er,
And ſigh to hear "theſe bleſſings are no more;"
The liſtening grove the rural notes prolong,
And fields deſerted bloom a-new in ſong.

* The ſea in which Sappho is ſaid to have been drowned, was known by different names, one of which was LEUCADIA.

Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant. æquor: OVID.

The Story of PALEMON and LAVINIA.

By Thomſon.

THE lovely, young *Lavinia* once had friends,
And fortune ſmil'd deceitful on her birth;
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave innocence and heav'n,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhun'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty would meet
From giddy faſhion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was freſher than the morning roſe
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure
As is the lilly, or the mountain ſnow,
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes;
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt:
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf.
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods,
As in the hollow breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes far from human eye,

And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd, blooming and unſeen by all,
The ſweet *Lavinia*; till at length compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean *Palemon*'s fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was—the generous, and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance; ſuch as *Arcadian* ſong
Tranſmits from ancient, uncorrupted times,
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye
Unconſcious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment, love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firſt philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd:
"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning ſenſe,
And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of ſome indecent clown! ſhe looks, methinks,
Of old *Acaſto*'s line; and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe,
Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
And once fair ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find:
Romantic wiſh, would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict inquiring from herſelf, he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful *Acaſto*!—who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhiv'ring tranſports ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And as he view'd her ardent o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties flufh'd a higher bloom,
And thus *Palemon*, compaſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious raptures of his ſoul:
"And art thou then *Acaſto*'s dear remains
She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
So long in vain?—O, yes! the very ſame,
The lovely image of my noble friend!
Alive his every feature, every look,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
That nouriſh'd up my fortune, ſay, ah where,
In what ſequeſter'd deſart haſt thou drawn
The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven,
Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
Tho' poverty's cold winds, and cruſhing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer ſoil
Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhow'rs
Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
It ill befits thee, O it ill befits
Acaſto's daughter, his, whoſe open ſtores,
Tho' vaſt, were little to his ample heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt fields,
Which from his courteous friendſhip I enjoy.

Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to ſuch a rugged taſk;
Theſe fields, the maſter, all, my Fair are thine;
If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
The deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth—yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd;
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent,
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for *Lavinia*'s fate:
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her ev'ning hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves
And good—the grace of all the country round.

Deſcription of Charleſtown (Maſſachuſetts) written the day before the battle of Bunker Hill.

BROAD from the main the promontary ſpreads,
Where yonder highlands ſtretch their airy heads;
From north to ſouth the lofty range extends
Afar, where Bunker's arm'd frontier aſcends;
Thence ſpacious paſtures, fam'd for flowery ſeed,
And bloomy gardens reach the foot of Breed.
Fair hill, renown'd from immemorial time,
For early verdure and luxuriant prime;

Where firſt the robin flits her callow wing,
And on whoſe buſhy ſummit dawns the ſpring;
Where firſt the ſnow-drop's vivid ſhoots appear,
And daudalion leads the vernal year.
Thence to the eaſt extends a wide ſurvey,
Our iſle bound haven and the azure ſea;
Still far beyond ſhe claims her proud domain,
Where weary ſeamen heave the lead in vain,
Where yet no bottom touch'd the veering line,
Nor muddy rilings tinge the azure brine,
To where Nahant winds off her bleaky ſhores,
On her deep baſe the whole Atlantic roars,
To where rude Alderton romantic ſhapes
Her ſhoaly iſlands and her rocky capes;
Between a vaſt expanſe our bay we view
The whitening ſurges and Cærulian blue,
The mix'd perſpective charms the wilder'd eye,
The duſky diſtant ſhores, the ſeas and ſky.
How many leagues the freighted barque may ſail,
Deride the winds and mock the ſtormy gale,
Bid to the breeze her every canvaſs flow,
No rocks emerge, nor lurks the ſhoal below.
If from the circuit of the bending ſky,
To humbler Breed revert the weary eye,
Adown her flowery ſteeps a broad ſurvey,
In varying view, what lovely landſcapes lay!
What walks of trees their arching boughs entwine!
And elm and apple mark the neighbor line.
Here blooms the haw-thorn, there the daizy blows,
And milky moons their golden germs diſcloſe;
The roſeate bud of honey-ſuckle yields
A balmy ſweetneſs o'er the fragrant fields;
Whence wafted odours ſcent the weſtern breeze,
That fans our bay and ruffles diſtant ſeas.
Charleſtown, fond miſtreſs of the fair domain,
Who holds with flowery hand her laughing reign;
In beauty gay adorns the lovely ſcenes,
'Mid groves of roſes and embowering greens;

Where faſt contiguous to her rural ſeats
The ſtall breathes fragrance and the ſheep-fold bleats;
Where pure hiliarity and cottage bliſs
Repoſe or paſtime on the lap of peace.
Thus to the boſom of indulgent ſkies,
The charming Charleſtown's promontary lies.
From either thoſe two kindred rivers ſpread,
Both ocean-born by confluent waters fed;
The Myſtic there her northern border laves;
And ſea-green Charles here rolls her boiſterous waves.
O'er fewer tracts the feebler Myſtic glides,
But Charles, like Ocean, rolls in meaſured tides
By hamlets far and many a rural town,
Where ſcarce the names of foreign ſeas are known.
The fruits of either zone the river bears,
And in Coos th' Iberian vintage ſhares;
Not more majeſtic Miſſiſippi ſeems,
The firſt of rivers and the ſire of ſtreams.
But if the Tyrant's impious arms ſucceed,
And at his feet deſpairing freedom bleed,
New owners all thoſe fair domains would know,
And every rolling year revolve in woe;
Beneath the bloody ſcourge the heartleſs ſwain,
For foreign lords will till his native plain;
Nor taſte the fruits productive from his hand,
But toil an alien on paternal land.
No day ſo dire America ſhall know,
But ſtill triumphant ſhall your waters flow,
Your paſturing banks ſtill ſhear the finer fleece,
And all your loving herds repoſe in peace;
Your orchards ſtill ſhall teem with fruitage fair,
And ripening harveſts court the reaper's care;
Along your ſhore the village pipe reſound,
And dances reel in many a mazy round.
Canals to come relieve the teamſters toil,
And the ox only till the grateful ſoil:
Nor our rough roads with groaning wheels be wore.
The generous ſteed ſhall bear his geer no more.

For on yon heights ſhould our brave patriots bleed,
New powers ſhall march, and levying ſtill ſucceed,
Till diſcord weary of abortive war,
From Freedom's fields ſhall drive her bloody car.
But years of dreadful havoc, ſealed by fate,
Muſt ſound the pillars of our riſing ſtate;
While here ſhall victory plume her eagle-wing,
So Heaven predooms, and ſo the Muſes ſing;
While on his throne the choleric King may rage,
And frantic ſtill a hopeleſs warfare wage—
Till wiſe at length, and humbled by our power,
He courts that friendſhip which he ſpurn'd before.

EDWIN and EMMA.

FAR, in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.
There beauteous EMMA flouriſh'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.
The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads,
Gave colour to her cheeks;
Such orient colour ſmiles through heav'n
When May's ſweet mornings break.
Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
The charmer of the plains;
That ſun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lilly deigns.
Long had ſhe fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

'Till EDWIN came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art,
And from thoſe eyes ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.
A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.
What happy hours of heart-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.
His ſiſter, who like envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill
Each darker art employ'd.
The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.
Long had he ſeen their mutual flame,
And ſeen it long, unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at laſt,
He ſternly diſapprov'd.
In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove;
His heart, which durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.
Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.
Oft too in Stanemore's wint'ry waſte,
Beneath the moon-light ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.
His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt;

So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.
The parents now with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heaven with fruitleſs prayers,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.
'Tis paſt, he cry'd, but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love.
She came—his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Firſt falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.
But O! his ſiſter's jealous care,
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe!)
Forbad what EMMA came to ſay,
"My EDWIN, live for me."
Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs went,
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.
Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.
Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.
Juſt then ſhe reach'd with trembling ſteps,
Her aged mother's door!
He's gone, ſhe cried, and I muſt ſee
That angel face no more!
I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide:
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

The MAN of VIRTUE.

YES, to the vicious be it told,
However great, or wiſe, or old,
Fair Virtue's my purſuit;
For her, I hail each new-born day,
For her, to Heaven due homage pay,
And reap the Elyſian fruit!

Wake, wake my ſoul each latent ſpring,
And all thy nobleſt ardour bring,
"T' enjoy is to obey;"
The gifts of Heav'n in ſhow'rs deſcend,
Before the Donor grateful bend,
"'Tis madneſs to delay."

Ah! graceleſs wretch to ſlight the hand
That hath all nature at command,
Nor hear his friendly voice;
Still, ſtill it calls, the accents ſtill,
Soft as the breeze that fans the hill,
Invites to deathleſs joys.

In virtue's ray, ſee nature ſhine,
And wiſdom, her ſweet notes are thine,
'Tis folly not to hear;
Pleaſure's deluſive, ſyren tongue,
Lures to death's ſhades her giddy throng,
And horrors cloſe the rear.

In vain the carol and the horn,
"Salute the roſy glitt'ring morn,"
And kill the tedious day;
Reflection from her ſtore-houſe brings
Remorſe with all her poiſon'd ſtings,
And blaſts the flowers of May.

And yes, I love, ye ſordid wife!
Fair charity, child of the ſkies,
Of life the only balm!

Still hand in hand fair Virtue goes,
With peace, that from her fount ſtill flows,
The ſoul's immortal calm!

Thrice welcome to Columbia's ſhore!
From Heav'n may Virtue, genial power
Deſcend into our heart!
Diffuſe thy laſting bleſſings round,
Till we ſhall all be perfect found,
In thy celeſtial art.

Avert, O God, that curſe of fools,
The pride of boys ne'er whipt in ſchools,
The ſlavery of ſenſe;
While virtue only gives true peace,
With rapture I her charms embrace,
Her ſplendid courſe commence.

By thee, on hope's bright wing I riſe,
Improve each minute as it flies,
While joy ſucceeds to joy;
The ſmiles of Virtue gild the day,
They chaſe the gloom of night away,
Thus I my hours employ.

But O! the hour is on the wing,
Pregnant with joys that angels ſing;
Vain world with you I've done:—
'Twas thus the *Man of Virtue* ſpoke,
The Heav'ns upon his ſenſes broke,
Its bliſs was all his own.

An ODE—Sung at a Quarterly Charity Lecture, at the Old South Meeting-Houſe, Boſton.

JESUS! and ſhall it ever be,
A mortal man aſham'd of thee!
Aſham'd of thee, whom angels praiſe,

Whoſe glories ſhine thro' endleſs days.
Aſham'd of Jeſus! ſooner far
Let evening bluſh to own a ſtar;
He ſheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted ſoul of mine.
Aſham'd of Jeſus! juſt as ſoon
Let midnight be aſham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my ſoul, 'till he,
Bright morning ſtar, bid darkneſs flee.
Aſham'd of Jeſus! that dear friend,
On whom my h pes of heav'n depend?
No—when I bluſh, be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.
Aſham'd of Jeſus!—yes I may,
When I've no guilt to waſh away,
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no ſoul to ſave.
'Till then—nor is my boaſting vain—
'Till then, I boaſt a Saviour ſlain;
And O! may this my glory be
That Chriſt is not aſham'd of me.
His inſtitutions I would prize,
Take up my croſs, the ſhame deſpiſe,
Dare to defend his noble cauſe,
And yield obedience to his laws.

An ALLEGORY—By a Perſon under Misfortunes.

HEEDLESS of life's tempeſtuous gale,
My ſlender bark with hope ſet ſail,
On ſmooth untroubled ſeas—
Some happy iſland to explore,
And reſt ſecure on that bleſt ſhore,
With promis'd health and eaſe.
A while the winds propitious blew,

And brought me to a diſtant view,
Where the wiſh'd treaſure lay;
But future miſchief to foretell,
A cloud appear'd my joy to quell,
And damp youth's genial ray.

Trembling I ſaw the coming ſtorm,
Whilſt Hope, with mild benignant form,
Forbid me to deſpair:
Encourag'd by my pilot, I
Did each intruding fear defy,
And give a truce to care.

But ah! in fate's volum'nous works
Where unforeſeen misfortune lurks,
My page of bliſs was croſs'd:
Omnipotence the word had given,
My feeble bark on rocks was driven,
And Hope forever loſt.

To melancholy ſince reſign'd,
No friend to ſooth my troubled mind,
All pleaſures I forego;
I drink affliction's bitter draught,
With every human evil fraught,
In nothing rich—but woe.

An HYMN—for the 22d December, being the Anniver- of the landing at Plymouth, in 1620, of the firſt ſettlers of Maſſachuſetts.

WHEN o'er the billow-heaving deep,
The fathers of our race,
The precepts of their God to keep
Sought here their reſting place.
That gracious God, their path prepar'd,
Preſerv'd from every harm,
And ſtill for their protection bar'd

His everlaſting arm.
His breath inſpiring every gale,
Impels them o'er the main;
His guardian Angels ſpread the ſail,
And tempeſts howl in vain.
For them, old Ocean's rocks are ſmooth'd,
December's face grows mild—
To vernal airs her blaſts are ſooth'd,
And all their rage beguil'd.
When Famine rolls her haggard eyes,
His ever bounteous hands,
Abundance from the ſea ſupplies,
And treaſures from the ſands.
Nor yet his tender mercies ceaſe—
His over-ruling plan,
Inclines to gentleneſs and peace
The heart of Savage man.
And can our ſtony boſoms be
To all theſe wonders blind!
Nor ſwell with thankfulneſs to thee,
O! parent of mankind?
All gracious God! inflame our zeal;
Diſpenſe one bleſſing more!
Grant us thy boundleſs love to feel;
Thy goodneſs to adore.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

CÆLIA.

TOO partial, *Damon*, are thy lays,
In *Chloe*'s and *Amelia*'s praiſe;
See! am not I as young?
Am I leſs ſoft, leſs gay, leſs fair?
Have I not lips, and eyes, and hair?
Then, *Damon*, O the truth declare,
Why have not I been ſung?

DAMON.

The nymphs you hate, the nymphs you ſcorn,
With rival wreaths my brows adorn:
'Tis this awakes my lyre—
They tend my lambkins, and rejoice
To ſee me move, to hear my voice:
Like their's were love *Cælia*'s choice,
Her preſence would inſpire.

CÆLIA.

Suppoſe each morning I ſhould twine
A garland, for no brows but thine;
Shall I be then ſupreme?
If I ſit by thee every day,
To hear thee ſing, to ſee thee play;
Then ſay, O *Damon*, pr'ythee ſay,
Shall *Cælia* be thy theme?

DAMON.

Amelia then, though heavenly bright,
Nor *Chloe*, fair as riſing light,
With *Cælia* ſhall contend;
I'll praiſe thy wit, thy ſhape, thy mein;
Thy charms ſhall ſpeak thee beauty's queen,
In thee *Diana* ſhall be ſeen,
And every nymph ſhall bend.

On Dr. GOLDSMITH—From the "Tears of Genius."

By Courtney Melmoth, Eſq.

LONG for thy ſake, the peaſant's tears ſhall flow,
And many a virgin boſom heave with woe;
For thee ſhall ſorrow ſadden all the ſcene,
And every paſtime periſh on the green;
The ſturdy farmer ſhall ſuſpend his tale,
The woodman's ballad ſhall no more prevail;
No more ſhall mirth, each rural ſport inſpire,
But every frolic, every feat ſhall tire.

No more the evening gambol ſhall delight,
Nor moonſhine revels crown the vacant night,
But groupes of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a ſad aſſembly, round the cot.
Sweet bard farewell!—and farewell *Auburn*'s bliſs,
The baſhful lover and the yielded kiſs;
The evening warble *Philomela* made,
The echoing foreſt, and the whiſpering ſhade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that "whiſtled as it went."
Theſe ſhall no longer charm the ploughman's ear,
But ſighs ſhall fill the pauſes of deſpair.
Goldſmith, adieu!—the "book-learn'd prieſt, for thee,"
Shall now in vain poſſeſs his feſtive glee,
The oft-heard jeſt in vain he ſhall reveal,
For now, alas! the jeſt he cannot feel;
But ruddy damſels o'er the tomb ſhall bend,
And conſcious weep for their and nature's friend!
The milk-maid ſhall reject the ſhepherd's ſong,
And ceaſe to carrol as ſhe toils along:
All *Auburn* ſhall bewail the fatal day,
When from her fields their pride was ſnatch'd away!
And e'en the matron of the creſſy lake,
In piteous plight her palſied head ſhall ſhake,
While all adown the furrows of her face,
Slow ſhall the lingering tears each other trace.

LINES, by Mrs. ELIZA. ROWE, on the Death of her Huſband.

UNHAPPY day—with what a diſmal light
Doſt thou appear to my afflicted ſight!
In vain the cheerful Spring returns for thee,
There is no future cheerful Spring for me.
While my Alexis withers in the tomb,

Untimely cropt—nor ſees a ſecond bloom;
The faireſt ſeaſons of the changing year
A wild and wint'ry aſpect ſeem to wear.
The flowers no more their former beauty boaſt,
Their painted hues and fragrant ſenſe are loſt:
The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
But O! I find no muſic in their ſong.
Ye moſſy caves, ye groves, and ſylvan ſtreams,
Can give no interval from grief's extremes,
Tranquility and pleaſure fly your ſhade,
A reſtleſs care your ſolitude invade.
Not the ſtill evening, nor the roſy dawn,
Nor moonlight glimmering o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor ſtars nor ſun my gloomy fancy cheer,
But heaven and earth a diſmal proſpect wear.
That hour which ſnatch'd Alexis from my arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.
Unhappy day—be ſacred ſtill to grief,
A grief too obſtinate for all relief,
On thee my face ſhall never wear a ſmile,
No joy on thee ſhall e'er my heart beguile:
Why does thy light again mine eyes moleſt?
Why am I not with thee youth dear at reſt?
When ſhall I ſtretch upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead?

On the DEATH of a FRIEND.

THE beauteous youth is gone,
The much-lov'd object's fled;
Enter'd his long eternal home,
And numbered with the dead.
But he ſhall live again,
Array'd in bright array;
Shall take his part in heavenly ſtrains,
In everlaſting day.

Then ſtop the falling tear,
And huſh the heaving ſighs;
And ſorrow not for him—he's where
Eternal joys ariſe.

EPITAPH—On an amiable Young Lady.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud ſtructure grace,
Yet truth and goodneſs ſanctify the place;
Yet blameleſs virtue, which adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Eſcap'd from death, O ſafe on that calm ſhore
Where ſin and pain, and ſorrow are no more!
What neither wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and pity wait ſincere on thee!
Lo! ſoft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendſhip ſits a mourner here.

To "EUSEBIUS."—AN EPISTLE.

ACCEPT, kind ſtranger, this—our humble praiſe,
A poor reward for merit ſuch as thine,
But when a grateful heart its homage pays,
Its voice is melody, its note divine.
Our deareſt rights, our conſecrated joys,
The friend, the patron, and the aſſerter thou;
And while devotion's theme our tongue employs,
A prayer ſhall linger on our lips for you.
The village bell, whoſe chime is muſic ſtill,
And wakes to thrilling joy, th' affections dead,
Shall, as its tones the heart with raptures fill,
Call forth a bleſſing on thy reverend head.
The diſtant ſteeple, riſing 'mid the trees,
Which towers in beauty o'er the rural view,

The feeling ſtranger, when its ſpire he ſees,
Shall mark with gratitude, and think of you.
The ſhepherd girl, in Nature's charms array'd,
Who chides her lambs for wandering from their home,
In that ſtill hour, when God himſelf diſplayed
Shall, as ſhe ſeeks the conſecrated dome,
Her blue eyes ſparkling with Devotion's tear,
Her ſoul more white than is her robe of ſnow,
Approach with reverence the altar near,
And in her prayer ſhall whiſper praiſe to you.
In rural council, labor's feſtal day,
When ſwell'd the melting flute, in echoes ſweet,
The village girls, and village lads agree
To bear this tribute to your reverend feet.
Me they elected to the ſweet employ;
But, O, unworthy of a taſk ſo great,
To ſpeak the grateful, animated joy,
Which glow'd in every throb their boſoms beat.

Lines occaſioned by the awakened attention of the town of Bennington *(in the State of Vermont) to the things of Religion* (1803.)

DEAR Savior, friend of Man,
Babe of Judea, hail!
Succeed the work thy grace began,
Nor let thy mercies fail:
O art thou paſſing by!
And may we ſee thy face!
Let ev'ry blind *Bartemius* cry
Lord Jeſus, grant me grace!
Let each *Zaccheus* flee
To catch a paſſing glimpſe,
With zeal aſcend the Goſpel tree,

And baffle Satan's imps.
Reſtrain reviling tongues,
Be thou the convert's ſtay,
Suſtain their hopes, avenge their wrongs,
And wipe their tears away.
Let Bennington rejoice,
Her church with joy be fill'd,
And every heart, and every voice,
Exult in grace diſtill'd.
Support the bruiſed reed,
The ſmoaking flax inflame,
Shine forth, that they who run may read,
And tremble at thy name.
Chriſt of a truth is come,
His grace pervades our land,
A thread ſupports us from our doom,
He holds it in his hand:
And if he quits his hold,
We plunge in deep deſpair,
Where none but ſinners vile and bold,
And damned ſpirits are.

The AFRICAN's COMPLAINT.

HELP! O help! thou God of Chriſtians!
Save a mother from deſpair!
Cruel white men ſteal my children!
God of Chriſtians—hear my prayer!
From my arms by force they're ſever'd—
Sailors drag them to the ſea;
Yonder ſhip at anchor riding,
Swift will carry them away.
There my ſon lies ſtripp'd and bleeding;
Faſt with thongs his hands are bound:
See the tyrants how they ſcourge him;

See his ſides a reeking wound!
See his little ſiſter by him,
Quaking, trembling, how ſhe lies!
Drops of blood her face beſprinkle;
Tears of anguiſh fill her eyes.
Now they tear her brother from her,
Down below the deck he's thrown,
Stiff with beating, thro' fear ſilent,
Save a ſingle death-like groan.
Hear the little creature begging:
"Take me white men for your own!
Spare! O, ſpare my darling brother!
He's my mother's only ſon."
See, upon the ſhore ſhe's raving,
Down ſhe falls upon the ſands:
Now ſhe tears her fleſh with madneſs,
Now, ſhe prays with lifted hands.
"I am young, and ſtrong, and hardy,
He's a ſick and feeble boy;
Take me, whip me, chain me, ſtarve me,
All my life I'll toil with joy.
Chriſtians, who's the God you worſhip?
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?
Does he take delight in mercy?
Or in ſpilling human blood?
Ah, my poor diſtracted mother!
Hear her ſcream upon the ſhore!"—
Down the ſavage captain ſtruck her,
Lifeleſs on the veſſel's floor.
Up his ſails he quickly hoiſted,
To the ocean bent his way;
Headlong plung'd the raving mother,
From a high rock in the ſea.

The following was put by its author into the hands of her husband, on the morning of his birth day. A tribute of conjugal love so grateful and flattering to the heart of an husband, has induced him to send it for publication.

TO MY HUSBAND.

DID I poſſeſs the Muſes' art,
Or had I power to touch the heart
With eloquence of thought,
To thee, my love, the ſtrain ſhould flow,
For thee the *grateful* ſtanzas glow,
With pure affection fraught.
But me, alas! no "*nines*" inſpire
With graceful eaſe to touch the lyre,
And bid the numbers riſe;
Yet *pureſt* love dictates the lay,
And ſimple verſe would hail the day
That gave THEE from the ſkies.
Yes deareſt friend—I hail this morn
With livelieſt joy—when thou waſt born
To bleſs thy Harriot's life—
With thankful praiſe I lift my heart
To Him who made thee what *thou art*,
And me, thy happy Wife.
O may his power protect my love!
Still may his bleſſings from above
Fall cluſtering round thy ways;
May circling years, ſoft as they roll,
Shed conſtant bleſſings on thy ſoul,
And gild thy peaceful days.

MUSIC.

'TIS thine, ſweet power, to raiſe the thought ſublime,
Quell each rude paſſion, and the heart refine;

Soft are thy ſtrains as Gabriel's gentleſt ſtrings,
Mild as the breathing Zephyrs of the Spring.
Thy pleaſing influence thrilling through the breaſt,
Can lull e'en raging anguiſh into reſt.
And oft thy wildly ſweet enchanting lay,
To Fancy's heaven ſteals the rapt thought away.

The MOTHER.

By Dr. Darwin.

"CONNUBIAL Fair! whom no fond tranſport
To lull your infant in maternal arms; [warms
Who, bleſs'd in vain with tumid boſoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;
The ſoothing kiſs and milky rill deny,
To the ſweet pouting lip, and gliſtening eye!
Ah! what avails the cradle's damaſk roof,
The ſofter bolſter, and the embroider'd woof?
Oft hears the gilded couch unpity'd plains,
And many a tear the taſſel'd cuſhion ſtains!
No voice ſo ſweet attunes his cares to reſt,
So ſoft no pillow as his mother's breaſt!
"For when the Mother, bending o'er his charms,
Claſps her fair nurſling in delighted arms;
Throws the thin 'kerchief from her neck of ſnow,
And half unveils the pearly orb below:
With ſparkling eye the blameleſs plunderer owns
The ſoft embraces, and endearing tones,
Seeks the ſalubrious fount with open lips,
Spreads his inquiring hands, and ſmiles, and ſips.
"Thus charm'd to ſweet repoſe, when twilight hours
Shed their ſoft influence on celeſtial bowers,
The Cherub, Innocence, with ſmile divine,
Shuts his white wings, and ſleeps on Beauty's ſhrine."

FATHER and SON—or, DICK OUTWITTED.

REMOTE from ſplendor, liv'd of late,
In humble, but in decent ſtate,
An honeſt Farmer known to many,
Well ſkill'd to ſave and turn a penny.—
His wife as frugal as himſelf,
Increas'd the little ſtore of wealth,
And, bleſs'd with children, pigs and geeſe,
Naught could, it ſeem'd, diſturb his peace.
But aged grown, the charms of life
Had faded, with his blooming wife,
And much he wiſh'd his latter days
To paſs in eaſe, and prayer, and praiſe:
And therefore told his favorite, *Dick*,
That he of care and toil was ſick,
As buſineſs almoſt craz'd his pate,
He meant to give him the eſtate;
Provided he would fully prove
His gratitude and filial love,
Support his parents, and engage
To ſooth the pillow of their age.
Dick thank'd his Sire; with grateful heart,
He promis'd to perform his part,
And him with reverence to obey,
'Till death ſhould ſummon him away.
Now ſcenes of plenty and delight,
Firſt open'd to his eager ſight,
Hope promis'd fair, that pleaſure's rays
Would gild the evening of his days.
But, anxious, he determin'd ſoon,
Completely to ſecure the boon.
Quoth *Dick*, 'tis folly to delay,
We'll cloſe the bargain, Sir, to-day,
And ſoon to Juſtice *Quick*'s repair,
Decrepit, you ſhall ride the Mare.
Well mounted now, the aged Don

Rides ſlowly on, beſide his Son,
Who trudging merrily along,
Regales his father with a ſong.
Arriv'd at houſe of Juſtice Quick,
The Sire diſmounts, by help of *Dick*;
His Honor found—they ſtate the caſe—
He hears them, with a ſober face,
And ſoon, with help of uſual fee,
Completes a Bond and Warrantee.
Forms now compli'd with, buſineſs done
To ſuit the Sire, as well as Son,
They homeward jog:—A certain pride
Whiſper'd to *Dick*, he ought to ride,
'Twas clowniſh thus to trudge along,
Deſpis'd by all the gaping throng.
On which, with magiſterial air,
He bids the Father quit the Mare,
Affirming now the Farm was his,
He'd do, in future what he pleas'd.
Surpris'd, the Sire rebuk'd his Son,
Thus ſaucy and imperious grown.
But all in vain, *Dick* roundly ſwore
He'd be his Father's ſlave no more.
The Sire diſmounts, and hobbles on,
The Mare bears off the hopeful Son,
At length the Father reaches home,
Extremely lame and weary grown.
When night came on, by evening fire
Dick met again his injur'd Sire,
Who quite good natur'd, told his Son,
There was a flaw in what was done,
And had he took the ſlighteſt heed,
He'd found an error in the Deed.
"The lately purchas'd turnip-lot,
The 'Squire, I apprehend, forgot:
Go, fetch the Deed, we'll now inſert it,
Aſſuredly, it cannot hurt it."
Dick brings the Deed, the careful Sire,

Throws all the writings in the fire,
Then turns to *Dick*, with cheerful air,
" Who now, my Son, ſhall ride the Mare?"

The RAINY DAY *in* SUMMER.

COME, ſome dull muſe, with heavy wing, and ſay,
How cheerleſsly we paſs the rainy day.—
When firſt we wake, the flies, with buzzing wing,
Fly round our ears, and light, and buz, and ſing.—
Forc'd from our beds, impatiently we riſe,
And mourn the low'ring aſpect of the ſkies.
At breakfaſt every face looks ſour and ſad—
And all that's utter'd is—" the coffee's bad,"
Or ſome complaint that things don't reliſh good,
One ſcolds the cook—the other blames the food.
If buſineſs calls abroad—perhaps to court,
Where wiſe and fooliſh, good and bad reſort;
Lord, what a ſight—with dripping coats and hats,
They look like—what?—" A ſet of drowning rats."
Some ſtamp around the floor with muddy feet,
While whiſp'ring parties in each corner meet:
William bawls " ſilence" with his Stentor voice,
And helps to make, but not to ſtill the noiſe.
The women who abroad are forc'd to ſtray,
Now ſhow their ankles in a *decent* way,
For who would not—(your pardon Ma'am I beg)
Seize ſuch a chance to ſhow a well turn'd leg,
When an excuſe ſo eaſy's to be found,
" 'Twas juſt to keep my *chambray* from the ground."
On ſuch a day the god of dullneſs reigns,
And ſpreads his torpid empire o'er our brains,
No ſong is heard to cheer the neighb'ring grove,
No ſwain or milk-maid, carrols notes of love.
The ſtudent o'er his book, with liſtleſs head,
Reads a whole hour, then *wonders what he's read.*

No ſpark of genius from the bar appears,
And nature all, the garb of ſadneſs wears.

The Charleſton (S. C.) Ladies met by an inebriated Son of NEPTUNE.

AS late a Son of Neptune bravely ſtood,
Eſcap'd the terrors of the foaming flood,
Full of the roſy god, at *Bacchus'* ſhrine,
Where hung an emblem of the *Juice* refin'd:
Thither by chance ſome nymphs purſued their way,
In dreſs, and air, ſuperlatively gay;
The tar's bold look, their *little* hearts abaſh'd,
And to avoid him, *through the dirt they daſh'd:*
Rous'd at the ſight! ſays *Jack*, "egad my eyes,
"A ſail! I've back'd your topſails by ſurprize,
"*Ahoi*, the ſhip!—*Ahoi!*—diſpel your fear,
"What d'ye take me for, a privateer?
"De'l me! haul aft your ſheet there! helms alee!
"Luff round! ſweet girls! and into port with me."
He ſaid—But ſwifter than the weſtern wind
They fled, and flying, left the tar behind;
Then might be ſeen, where'er the nymphs wou'd [wheel,
The bright *contour* of *ancle* and of *heel*;
Their boſoms beating, panting, with deſpair!
Their hats and petticoats, diſplay'd in air!
Where'er along the ſtreets they turn'd their flight,
Fear urg'd their ſteps, and hover'd o'er their ſight:
So thick! ſo dark! ſo high the duſt aroſe
From flutt'ring petticoats and ſcatter'd clothes;
As when an hurricane along is driven,
Wide o'er the ſea and air, and earth and heaven!
With circling clouds of duſt involves the ſkies,
Snatching the golden ſun from mortal eyes!
Thus they—at laſt beneath their dome reſtor'd,
They breathe from fears around the feſtive board.

l now, while laughter fills the lofty hall,
ee ſome *ſtript* of *petticoat* and *ſhawl!*
ıſe the ſcene—left ſome ſhou'd ſpread the news,
v *Criſſy* loſt her hat! and *Anne* her ſhoes.
AGRICOLA.

---

e tippy BOOT-EES—Or high Bon Ton of 1806.

OF all the gay beaux,
That ſport their ſmart cloathes,
There's none that my fancy can pleaſe,
With their *Spencers* or *Crops*,
Or woolly *Forctops*,
Like Bob's *yellow Tippy Boot-ees.*

Inexpreſſibles tight,
Some fancies delight,
With bunches of tape at their knees,
Yet all muſt confeſs,
Though ſnug is the dreſs,
It yields to Bob's *Tippy Boot-ees.*

The *Blue Pantaloons*,
As they march in plattoons,
Each lady's attention quick ſeize;
But I let them paſs by,
And turn round my eye,
For Bob's *yellow Tippy Boot-ees.*

View little Jack Sprat,
With his head from cravat
Peeping out like a mouſe from a cheeſe;
With ſhoes on his toes,
And a handful of bows,
Then ſee Bob's *yellow Tippy Boot-ees.*

Then there's flouching *Beau Shape*,
With a coat and a cape,

Like blankets, of wild *Cheviot*,
Though quiet or moving,
He looks like a ſloven,
Near BOB's *yellow Tippy Boot-ees*.

With ſuch a dear lad
I ne'er could be ſad,
Should we wander o'er mountains or ſeas:
And happen what might,
I'd ſtill find delight,
In my BOB, with his *Tippy Boot-ees*.

KITTY.

The TIPPY COAT-EE.

LET KITTY admire,
And burn with deſire,
For BOB with his *Ruſſet Boot-ee*;
But mine is the lad,
Ever gay, never ſad—
'Tis JACK with his tippy *Coat-ee*.

The *belles* they all know,
That JACK's a great beau,
The leader of faſhion is he:
See juſt from the ſhop,
With *la Titus'* crop,
How he ſtruts with his tippy *Shirt-ee*.

And as he goes by,
At me caſts his eye,
And longs with his ANNA to be;
'Tis pleaſing—'tis true—
To ſay ſo—won't do!
So let him paſs by with *Stick-ee*.

The *Taylor* may laugh,
And ſure he gains half,
In dreſſing up JACK, do you ſee;

For *waiſtcoat is dead*,
And hence in its ſtead,
JACK puts on a little *Breaſt-ee*.

The *Hatter*, kind Sir,
Now ſubſtitutes *fur*,
For *brains* in a *beau* you ſcarce ſee;
To *knowledge* and *ſenſe*,
JACK claims no pretence;
But tops up the head with Hat-ee.

I lately attack'd him,
Yes, and I *ſmack'd* him—
And ſurely no harm there could be;
JACK wheel'd to the right,
And *dazzled* my ſight,
With his *pipe ſtem*—or alias *Queue-ee*.

Let KITTY admire,
With ardent deſire,
And tell of her BOB and *Boot-ees*;
The Muſe I'll invoke,
Her ſong oft provoke,
For JACKEY, *the Chief of Tip-ees*.

ANNA.

The DISCOVERY.

MY Landlady knocked at my chamber this morning!
Whole's there? "I have come Sir, to give you the warning,
That the ladies have ſent for you, over the way:"
The ladies have ſent! What the deuce is to pay!
"I know not," (ſaid ſhe)—"but may hap there's a ball,
A book, or a party—I know not at all."
Send compliments back—tell them I'll be in,
When I've ſever'd the briſtles that ſprout on my chin—

To a man who has liv'd to ſee thirty long years,
And would marry whenever the right one appears,
To be ſent for by ladies, when juſt out of bed,
'Tis no wonder fond fancies ſhould fly in his head.
How a fellow in ſuch a predicament feels! [heels;
Notwithſtanding, I dreſs'd me from head to my
Then in cap-a-pie order tripped over the way,
To hear what theſe nymphs of Kentucky might ſay.
My reception (ſo early) was rather too cool;
I talked ſome, I walked ſome, but felt like a fool.
After waiting an hour in awful ſuſpence,
I took up my hat, and was coming out thence,
When one of the ladies ſent out for a beau,
Who inſtantly waited her orders to know;
"I have only to tell you (ſaid ſhe) 'tis my rule
On the firſt day of April to—gaze on a Fool!"—
How they laugh'd at the fellow! he turn'd to retire,
Swore he'd not call again ſhould the houſe be on fire.
Then I, like a ninny, diſcover'd *my* caſe,
And the laugh was reitter'd five times in the place.
But the wit of it was, that the ladies for me
Never ſent!—'Twas the trick of my landlady D.
So that when I returned, ſhe was laughing all high,
To think what a fool ſhe had made of POOR I.

The following Song was compoſed in Salem, Maſſachuſetts, for the 4th of July, 1805.——Its local characteriſtics render it an agreeable pleaſantry.

A SONG—for the 4th of July, 1806.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

YANKEE DOODLE is the tune
Americans delight in—
'Twill do to whiſtle, ſing or play,
And *juſt the thing* for fighting.

CHORUS—*Yankee Doodle, boys—huzza!*
Down outſide, up the middle—
Yankee Doodle, fa, ſo, la,
Trumpet, drum and fiddle.

Should Great-Britain, Spain, or France,
Wage war upon our ſhores, Sir,
We'll lead them ſuch a *woundy* dance,
They'll find their toes are ſore, Sir.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Should an haughty foe expect
To give our boys a caning,
We *gueſs* they'll find our boys have *larnt*
A *little bit* of training.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

I'll *wager* now a mug of flip,
And bring it on the table,
Put Yankee boys aboard a ſhip,
To beat them they are able.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then if they go to *argufy*,
I *rather gueſs* they'll find too,
We've got a ſet of *tonguey blades*,
T' cut-talk 'em if *they're mind* to.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

America's a *dandy* place;
The people are all brothers;
And when one's got a *pumpkin pie*,
He ſhares it with the others.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We work, and ſleep, and pray in peace,
By induſtry we thrive, Sir;
And if a drone won't do his part,
We'll ſcout him from the hive, Sir.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then on INDEPENDENT DAY,
(And who's a better right to?)
We eat and drink, and ſing and play,
And have a dance at night, too.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our girls are fair, our boys are tough,
Our old folks wife and wealthy;
And when we've every thing we want,
We *count* that we are healthy.
Yankee Doodle, &c.
We're *happy*, *free*, and *well to do*,
And cannot want for knowledge:
For, almoſt every mile or two,
You find a *ſchool* or *college*.
Yankee Doodle, &c.
The land we till is all our own;
Whate'er the price, we paid it;
Therefore we'll fight *till all is blue*,
Should any dare invade it.
Yankee Doodle, &c.
Since we're ſo bleſt, let's eat and drink,
With thankfulneſs and gladneſs;
Should we kick o'er our cup of joy,
It would be *ſartain* madneſs.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

SUFFIELD (*Connecticut*) is ſaid to be as remarkable for the Wooden Diſhes manufactured there, as WINDHAM for Bull-Frogs, or WEATHERSFIELD for Onions. The ſtory contained in the following lines, is grounded on fact.

A WHILE before the amputation
Of this from Britain's warlike nation,
A Suffield Yankee, ſomewhat witty,
A ped'ling went to New-York city.
I need not to the knowing tell
What Jonathan took down to ſell,
For *they* well know that Suffield's ſtaple
Is bowls and diſhes made of maple.
At ev'ry houſe, at every ſtore,
To man and wife, to maid and w——,

In every ſtreet, in every ſquare,
Jonathan tri'd to ſell his ware.
But all in vain.—I'll tell you why
(A ſapient reaſon)—*none would buy.*
I told you Jonathan had wit,
So he on this expedient hit,
To ſell his ware and fill his purſe
('Twas better to do ſo than worſe.)
Some Britiſh ſhips of war were there,
(Their ſtreamers floating in the air)
Their ſails all bent, and every day
Expecting to put out to ſea.
The Yankee got (but how's a myſtery
That's not reveal'd in any hiſt'ry)
A Naval Officer's ſuit throughout,
In which when dreſs'd, he ſallied out,
And with bold air, a merchant's ſtore
Enter'd, where he had been before;
Then thus quoth he—"Our Comm'dore wiſhes
"A quantity of *wooden diſhes*:
"If you have any that are neat,
"We'll take a parcel for the fleet."
Old Wholeſale did not recognize
The Yankee in his fine diſguiſe.
And thus with ſerious air repli'd:
"I think, Sir, you can be ſuppli'd,
"Alth'; Sir, I have none on hand,
"The're ſome in town, I underſtand,
"And if to-morrow you'll ſend up,
"I'll have them ready in my ſhop.
"Any thing elſe, Sir? an' thing more?
"Nothing wanted from the ſtore?
The Yankee bowing, debonaire,
Replied, "Sir, *nothing but the ware.*"
Then march'd as faſt as an expreſs,
And quick reſum'd his home-made dreſs.
No ſooner was he rigg'd complete,
Than Wholeſale waddled down the ſtreet,

" Your luck is bad, my friend," quoth he,
" You've all your ware on hand I ſee—
" Yes," quoth the Yankee, " and I wiſh,
" I'd never ſeen a wooden diſh,
" I don't believe I ever ſhall
" Be able, all my load to ſell."
Quoth Wholeſale, " friend it all a farce is,
" To think to ſell when caſh ſo ſcarce is ;
" Beſide your price 's ſo out of reaſon,
" You won't ſell tho' you wait the ſeaſon ;
" But yet t' *oblige ye*, I don't care
" To take a portion of your ware :
" Nay, friend, as you are here a ſtranger,
" And are of being *preſs'd*, in danger
" (The offer 's out of kindneſs meant)
" If you 'll deduct fifteen per cent,
"I'll take the load:"—"No," quoth the Yankee,
" I'll neither take ye up, nor thank ye,
" I'll ſooner throw my ware away,
" Than fail a groat from what I ſay."
Wholeſale concluded in a trice
'Twas beſt to give the man his price ;
So paid to Jonathan his gold,
Thinking his ware already ſold.——
'Tis ſaid for more than half a year,
The merchant's ſhelves were fill'd with ware ;
And that he curs'd the Britiſh navy,
For ſerving him a trick ſo ſcurvy.
The Yankee as you well may gueſs,
Was highly pleas'd with his ſucceſs ;—
And home to Suffield ſtraight he hied,
And told his friends the trick he tried ;
And often now as round the fire,
The ſocial glaſs and pipe inſpire—
The old man makes his neighbors ſtare,
Relating how he ſold his ware.

YANKEE DOODLE—Or, the JOURNEY to the CAMP.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we ſaw the men and boys,
As thick as haſty pudding.
And there I ſaw a luſty gun,
As big as a log of maple,
Mounted on a little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
And every time they ſhoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It made a noiſe like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
I went up as near to it
As *'Siah*'s underpinning;
Father went as near again!
I thought the deuce was in him.
And there lay pil'd ſome deuced things,
As large as any pumpkins,
I filled up a meal-bag full,
And could not lift the dumb things.
Again I ſpy'd a mighty thing,
I think they call'd it mortar,
'Twill take our old diſh-kettle in,
Which holds a pail of water.
A man came by, he had a gun,
He kind-of clapt his hand on't,
And ſtuck a little ſtabbing iron,
On to the little end of't.
It ſcar'd me ſo that I run home,
Nor ſtopp'd as I remember,
'Till I had got to our town,
And ſafe in mother's chamber.
And there I had ſome heifer's milk,
Which mother brought from milking;
And *Moll* began to ſquimp and ſquirm,

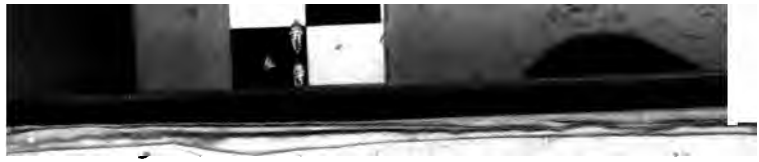
And vow'd ſhe'd have a quilting.
She vow'd ſhe'd have it up and down,
And make the glaſſes rattle;
For brother *John* had been to town,
And was not kill'd in battle.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

HAIL COLUMBIA! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! Heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cauſe,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cauſe,
And when the ſtorm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let INDEPENDENCE be our boaſt,
Ever mindful what it coſt!
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let it's altar reach the ſkies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty:
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and ſafety we ſhall find.

IMMORTAL PATRIOTS! riſe once more,
Defend your rights, defend your ſhore:
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the ſhrine where ſacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace ſincere and juſt,
In Heaven we place a manly truſt,
That truth and juſtice will prevail,
And every ſcheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, ſound, the trump of fame,
Let WASHINGTON's great name,



Ring thro' the world with loud applauſe,
Ring thro' the world with loud applauſe,
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Liſten with a joyful ear.
With equal ſkill and Godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with eaſe
The happier times of honeſt peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the CHIEF who now commands,
Once more to ſerve his country ſtands—
The rock on which the ſtorm will beat,
The rock on which the ſtorm will beat;
But arm'd with virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and You.
When Hope was ſinking in diſmay,
And glooms obſcur'd Columbia's day,
His ſteady mind from changes free,
Reſolv'd on Death or Liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

TWO or three looks, when your ſwain wants a kiſs;
Two or three Noes, when he bids you ſay Yes;
Two or three ſmiles, when you utter the No;
Two or three frowns, if he offer to go;
Two or three ſpeeches, like "ah! go away!"
Two or three times you muſt hold him to ſtay;
Two or three laughs, when aſtray for ſmall chat;
Two or three tears, tho' you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters, when vows are begun;
Two or three quarrels before you be done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there;
Two or three nights to the play-houſe repair;

Two or three dances to make you jocoſe;
Two or three hours in a corner ſit cloſe;
Two or three ſtarts when he bids you elope;
Two or three glances, to imitate hope;
Two or three pauſes, before you be won;
Two or three twoonings, to let him preſs on;
Two or three ſighs, when you've waſted your tears;
Two or three hems, when the chaplain appears;
Two or three ſqueezes, when the hand's giv'n away;
Two or three coughs, when you come to obey;
Two or three court'ſies, when marriage is over;
Two or three hobies—diſcourſing your lover;
Two or three ſteps tow'rds the bed-chamber run;
Two or three kiſſes, when aſk'd but for one.

* * * * * * *

Two or three laſſes may have by theſe rhymes,
Two or three little ones two or three times.

A New and Certain Cure for Cancers—Or Infallibility of Advertiſing Doctors.

AN EPITAPH.

By Dr. Hopkins.

HERE lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a Cancer Quack;
Who loſt his money and his life
By plaiſter, cauſtic, and by knife.
The caſe was this—A pimple roſe,
South-eaſt a little from his noſe,
Which daily reden'd and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigour.
A ſcore of goſſips ſoon enſure
Full threeſcore certain modes of cure:
But yet the full-fed pimple ſtill
Defy'd all petticoated ſkill;
When fortune led him to peruſe

A hand-bill in the weekly news,
Sign'd by ſix fools of different ſorts,
All cur'd of Cancers made of warts;
Who recommend with due ſubmiſſion
This Cancer-doctor as magician.
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack:
But on his way he found another,
A ſecond advertiſing brother,
But as much like him, as an owl
Is unlike every handſome fowl;
Whoſe fame had rais'd as broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog;
Who us'd a ſtill more magic plaiſter,
That *ſweat forſooth*, and cur'd the faſter.
This doctor view'd with moony eyes
And ſcowl'd up face, the pimple's ſize;
Then chriſten'd it in ſolemn anſwer,
And cried "This pimple's name is CANCER!
But courage friend—I ſee you're pale—
My ſweating plaiſters never fail.
I've ſweated hundreds out with eaſe,
With roots as long as maple trees,
And never fail'd in all my trials—
Behold theſe ſamples here in phials,
Preſerv'd to ſhew my wond'rous merits,
Juſt as my liver is—in ſpirits!
For twenty Joes the cure is done.—"
The bargain's ſtruck—the plaiſter on;
Which knaw'd the cancer at its leiſure,
And pain'd his face above all meaſure:
But ſtill the pimple ſpread the faſter,
And ſwell'd like toad that meets diſaſter;
Thus foil'd, the Doctor gravely ſwore
It was a right roſe-cancer ſore;
Then ſtuck his probe beneath the beard,
And ſhow'd them where the leaves appear'd;
And rais'd the patient's drooping ſpirits,

By praiſing up the plaiſter's merits.
Quoth he, the roots now ſcarcely ſtick,
I'll fetch her out, like crab or ſtick,
And make it rendezvous, next trial,
With ſix more plagues in my old phial—
Then purg'd him pale with jalap draſtic,
And next applies th' infernal cauſtic:
But yet this 'ſemblance bright of hell
Serv'd but to make the patient yell,
And knawing on with fiery pace
Devour'd one broadſide of his face.
Courage!—'tis done, the Doctor cried,
And quick the inciſion knife applied,
Which with three cuts made ſuch a hole,
Out fled the patient's tortur'd ſoul.
Go, readers, gentle, eke and ſimple,
If you have wart, or corn, or pimple,
To Quack infallible, apply;
Here's room enough for you to lie—
His ſkill triumphant ſtill prevails,
For Death's a CURE that *never fails*.

The FIRE SIDE.

By Dr. Cotton

DEAR CHLOE, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride,
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds, with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys!—they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs!—we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For Nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore reliſh with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favors are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favors giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part;
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet;
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons with envious eyes
The relicks of our ſtore.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quits its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

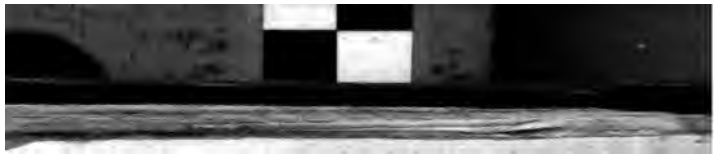
While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel, whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

Tranſlation of the 40th Ode of ANACREON.

AS CUPID looſen'd with his blows
The fragrant foldings of a roſe,
The little urchin did not ſee
Beneath their ſhade a ſleeping bee;
The inſect with inſtinctive art
Againſt his finger arm'd his dart;
When half he flew and half he ran,
And to his mother thus began:
"I die, mamma, indeed I ſhall,
A ſerpent that had wings, tho' ſmall,
Has ſhot an arrow into me—
The ſhepherds ſaid it was a bee."
"Pray CUPID, if ſo ſharp a ſting
Belong to ſuch a little thing,
What do you think muſt be the ſmart,
When you ſhoot others to the heart?"

ANECDOTE of a CLOWN.

A Clown once in a College ſtood gaping and mute
To hear learned doctors in *Latin* diſpute:
Says a doctor, "what means that illiterate fool?
"Can *he* pleaſure find in debates of our ſchool?
"Of all he has heard not a word can he tell,
"Nor gueſs to which party the victory fell."
"No, no," ſays the ruſtic, "I an't a fool neither;
"When I heard you wiſe men talking Latin together,
"I only obſerv'd which had moſt moderation,
"And which of the parties ſeem'd moſt in a paſſion.
"Soon as I ſaw *you* Sir, fall into a heat,
"There now, honeſt friend, ſaid I, *you* are beat.
"Men *reaſon* with temper; the party that winces,
"Confeſſes how ſorely the argument pinches."



CANDID COURTSHIP.

"Where love was liberty, and nature, law."

FLORIMEL.

IS Daphne, the pride of the plain,
Content to be Florimel's ſpouſe?
Can ſhe liſten with love to his ſtrain?
Is ſhe charm'd with the villager's vows?
The kidlings that browze on the rock,
And the fleeces which bathe in the rill,
Nay, the all of my paſtoral flock,
Believe me, is her's if ſhe will.

DAPHNE.

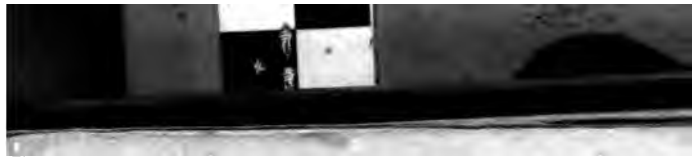
Good ſhepherd, be artleſs and wiſe;
Can ambition with meekneſs agree?
Contentment's the charter I prize;
No wealth has a virtue for me.
'Tis enough to be Florimel's wife,
And duties domeſtic fulfil;
I am ſure I can love you for life,
So I thank you, I *think* that I will.

FLORIMEL.

The miſer his plumb may poſſeſs,
The ſtateſman his title and ſtar,
Our cares and our crimes will be leſs,
And ſha'nt we be happier far?
From fortune we'll brave each rebuff,
Your ſmiles can adverſity kill;
Your heart will be treaſure enough,
And I'll keep it, dear Daphne, I will.

DAPHNE.

My candor coquettes may deſpiſe,
And prudes may my paſſion condemn:
But innocence ſcorns a diſguiſe,
And I hope I'm as modeſt as them;
And I think, if there's faith in the brook,
I'm as fair as the maid of the Mill;
So Florimel give me your crook,
For in ſooth I'm determin'd I will.



PEACE.

SOON peace on earth ſhall hold her eaſy ſway,
And man forget his brother man to ſlay;
To martial arts, ſhall milder arts ſucceed,
Who bleſſes moſt, ſhall gain th' immortal meed.
The eye of pity ſhall be pain'd no more
With victory's crimſon'd banners ſtain'd with gore.
Thou glorious æra, come—hail! bleſſed time,
When full orb'd freedom ſhall unclouded ſhine—
When the chaſte muſes, cheriſh'd by her rays,
In olive groves ſhall tune their ſweeteſt lays—
When bounteous Ceres ſhall direct her car
O'er fields now waſted by the fires of war,
And angels view, with joy and wonder join'd,
The golden age return'd to bleſs mankind.

On Preſident Waſhington's *Addreſs, at the Reſignation of his Office.*

BID ſchools recite it—let the prieſtly train
Chant it on feſtal days, nor deem the taſk profane;
When round your knees your infant offspring throng
To join the matin prayer, or evening ſong—
Thoſe rites perform'd—invite them to attend
The farewell counſels of their *good old friend*,
And ſay, he left you, as his laſt bequeſt,
Theſe *golden rules* to make a nation bleſt.

FEMALE ADVICE.

IF you'd be truly bleſt in love,
Be conſtant as the turtle dove,
To him whom heaven has made your choice,

Love and *Obey* (at Church your voice)
For better take him, or for worſe,
For bags of gold, or empty purſe;
For love or hate, for peace or war,
For kiſs or kick, box, bruiſe or ſcar;
For dreſs or rags, for ſcorn or chaff,
For wine and water, *All*, or half.
Which ever is your lot in life,
Be ſtill the good and loving wife;
Always kind, ſincere and free,
The houſe-wife with economy;
Obliging, modeſt, chaſte and gay,
Polite and cheerful—never *Nay*;
Content with little, meek with riches,
But let the *Huſband* wear the *breeches*.
If always mindful of your duty,
He will, with love, reward your beauty.

The CHOICE.

IF on this buſy theatre of life,
My deſtiny allots me to a wife,
Auſpicious powers!—O may my nuptial prove
The calm reſult of judgment mix'd with love.
O may I ne'er precipitately wed,
By a falſe flame of ſudden paſſion led;
But may my love be permanently plac'd
On that which ne'er can be by time effac'd.
'Tis merit which alone cant point the dart,
Which finds a paſſage to my guarded heart.
The gay coquette and artful jilt ſhall be
With the ſtarch'd prude, alike contemn'd by me
The heireſs too, who gains into her arms,
More lovers by her thouſands, than her charms,
Has not the leaſt allurement in my eyes:
Her dreſs, wit, wealth and airs I all deſpiſe.

nterefted views can fway my mind,
:o all charms but thofe of merit blind.
ay the maid to whom I yield my heart,
ree alike from vanity and art;
true Religion grace her fpotlefs breaft,
fhe each folly of her fex deteft.
foul-mouth'd fcandal ne'er pollute her tongue,
r may fhe be by ranc'rous Envy ftung;
affectation, coquetry and pride,
ev'ry vice which is to them ally'd
oreign to her bofom; may each grace
bit there, as in her lovely face;
wit thro' all her converfe be diffus'd,
may it ftill good natur'd'ly be us'd:
gaiety and prudence e'er be join'd
h focial fweetnefs in her cheerful mind:
her foul breathe a true benevolence,
virtue ev'ry action influence;
fhe by ev'ry act herfelf endear,
tle, obliging, modeft, free, fincere;
fhe each idle diffipation flight,
ever in domeftic care delight.
not too little) may becoming dreſs
ain and eafy elegance expreſs,
it with taſte be choſe, and not by whim,
her too modifh nor too nicely prim;
ompliſh'd thus by nature and by art,
elling thus in ev'ry varied part,
ay fhe have a tender, faithful heart.
:hefe may conftancy and honor join,
then, may Heav'n in kindneſs make her mine;
if fhe views me with love's partial eye,
h her I e'er could live, with her could die;
, the whole buſineſs of my life ſhould prove
one endeavor to deſerve her love,
years would in continual bleſſings flow,
l we ſhould almoſt taſte of heaven below.

(XIX)

The MAIDEN's CHOICE.

IF e'er I'm doom'd the marriage chain to wear,
Propitious heaven, attend my humble prayer:
May the dear man I'm deſtin'd to obey,
Still kindly govern with a gentle ſway;
May his good ſenſe improve my beſt of thoughts,
And with good nature ſmile on all my faults;
May every virtue his beſt friendſhip know,
And all vice ſhun him as his mortal foe.
May I too find poſſeſs'd by the dear youth,
The ſtricteſt manners, and ſincereſt truth;
Unblemiſh'd be his character and fame,
May his good actions merit a good name.
I'd have his fortune eaſy, but not great,
For troubles often on the wealthy wait;
Nor life ſo ſhort that I could never ſpare
A trifling part to throw away on care.
Be this my fate if e'er I'm made a wife,
Or keep me happy in a ſingle life.

COLUMBIA.

By Dr. Dwight.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy ſplendors unfold.
Thy reign is the laſt, and the nobleſt of time,
Moſt fruitful thy ſoil, moſt inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the eaſt ne'er encrimſon thy name,
Be freedom, and ſcience, and virtue, thy fame.
To conqueſt, and ſlaughter, let Europe aſpire;
'Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind ſhall defend,
And triumph purſue them, and glory attend.

A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and juſt as thy cauſe;
On Freedom's broad baſis, that empire ſhall riſe,
Extend with the main, and diſſolve with the ſkies.
Fair Science her gates to thy ſons ſhall unbar,
And the eaſt ſee thy morn hide the beams of her ſtar.
New bards, and new ſages, unrival'd ſhall ſoar
To fame, unextinguiſh'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the laſt refuge of virtue deſign'd,
Shall fly from all nations the beſt of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with tranſport ſhall bring
Their incenſe, more fragrant than odours of ſpring.
Nor leſs ſhall thy fair ones to glory aſcend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form ſhall awake pure deſire,
And the charms of the ſoul ever cheriſh the fire;
Their ſweetneſs unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtue's bright image, inſtamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and ſoft rapture, ſhall teach life to glow,
And light up a ſmile in the aſpect of woe.
Thy fleets to all regions thy power ſhall diſplay,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each ſhore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the eaſt and the ſouth yield their ſpices and gold,
As the day-ſpring unbounded, thy ſplendor ſhall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee ſhall bow,
While the enſigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.
Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erſpread,
From war's dread confuſion I penſively ſtray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd ſweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly ſung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arile,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies."

An Hiſtorical FACT.

ONCE on the ſtage, in *Rome*'s declining days,
When Chriſtians were the ſubjects of their plays,
When perſecution rear'd its iron rod,
And men ſtill wag'd an impious war with God:
An actor flouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's diſciple, and *Geneſt* his name.
A noble ſubject for his part he choſe,
The Chriſtian dying 'mid inſulting foes—
Reſign'd with patience, to Religion's laws,
He brav'd a monarch's, in a Savior's cauſe.
Fill'd with th' idea of th' exalted part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look, and voice, and geſture all expreſs'd
A kindred ardor in the player's breaſt:
Till as the flame thro' all his actions ran,
He loſt the actor, and commenc'd the man,
Profeſs'd the faith his Heathen gods deny'd,
And what he acted then, he after dy'd.

On Saint ARDALIO, who from a Stage-Player became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered Martyrdom.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his Comic ſtrains
The myſteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter ſhakes the painted ſcenes.

Heaven heard, and ſtrait around the ſmoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "there's no need of you:
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak man ſubdue."

Grace leaves the ſkies, and he the ſtage forſakes,
He bows his head down to the Martyring ax,
And as he bows, this gentle farewel ſpeaks:

"So goes the Comedy of life away;
"Vain earth, adieu; Heaven will applaud to day;
"Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the Play.

The following Lines by Dr. Doddridge, are ſaid (by Dr. Johnſon) to form the beſt Epigram in the Engliſh Language.

LIVE while you live, the *Epicure* would ſay,
And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day—
Live while you live the *Sacred Preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies:
Lord, in my view, let both united be,
I live in pleaſure, when I live to thee.

Lines ſaid to accompany the Charitable Contributions from the Country to Boſton, when held by the Britiſh troops in the laſt American War.

YE noble patriots—conſtant, firm, and true,
Your country's ſafety much depends on you;
In patient ſuffering, nobly perſevere,
From want, from famine, you have naught to fear.
With pitying eye, the country views your woe,
With your diſtreſs will her affection grow.

The LAST JUDGMENT.

By the Rev. Dr. Watts.

THE God of glory ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt, the ſov'reign orders ſpread
Thro' diſtant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet ſounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long delay,
His vengeance ſleeps no more: behold the day;
Behold the Judge deſcends; his guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky.
When God appears, all nature ſhall adore him,
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.
" Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things
" To hear my juſtice, and the ſinner's doom: [come
" But gather firſt my ſaints (the Judge commands)
" Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands."
When Chriſt returns, 'wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion:
And ſhout, ye ſaints, he comes for your ſalvation.
" Behold my cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
" Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood— [*Jew*,
" And ſign'd with all their names: the *Greek*, the
" Who paid the ancient worſhip, or the new;"
There's no diſtinction here, join all your voices,
And raiſe your heads, ye ſaints, for heav'n rejoices.
" Here (ſaith the Lord) ye angels ſpread their thrones,
" And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons."
" Come, my redeem'd, poſſeſs the joys prepar'd
" Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward."
When Chriſt returns, 'wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion:
And ſhout, ye ſaints, he comes for your ſalvation.
" I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
" I am the Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
" Thoſe awful truths, which ſinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.
" Stand forth, thou bold blaſphemer, and profane,
" Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatnings vain;
" Thou hypocrite once dreſs'd in ſaint's attire,
" I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.
" Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain,

" Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
" Without the flames of love : in vain the ſtore
" Of brutal off'rings which were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's : all nature ſhall adore him ;
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.
" If I were hungry, would I aſk thee food ?
" When did I thirſt, or drink thy bullock's blood ?
" Mine are the tamer beaſts, and ſavage breed,
" Flocks, herds, and fields, and foreſts where they
All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation : [feed."
Gives ſinners vengeance, and the ſaints ſalvation.
" Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
" Thy ſolemn chatt'rings and fantaſtic vows ?
" Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behold,
" Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?"
God is the Judge of hearts—no fair diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the guilty when his vengeance riſes.
" Unthinking wretch ! how couldſt thou hope to
" A GOD, a Spirit, with ſuch toys as theſe ? [pleaſe
" While with my grace and ſtatutes on thy tongue,
" Thou lov'ſt deceit, and do'ſt thy brother wrong!"
Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.
" In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends :
" Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen friends ;
" While the falſe flatt'rer at my altar waits,
" His harden'd ſoul divine inſtruction hates."
God is the Judge of hearts—no fair diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the guilty when his vengeance riſes.
" Silent I waited with long ſuff'ring love,
" But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove ?
" And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within,
" That the All-Holy would indulge thy ſin ?"
See God appears : all nature join t' adore him :
Judgment proceeds, and ſinners fall before him.
" Behold my terrors now : my thunders roll,
" And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul ;
" Now, like a lion, ſhall my vengeance tear

" Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wiſe,
Awake before this dreadful morning riſe: [amend;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend:
Then join, ye ſaints; 'wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion:
When Chriſt returns, he comes for your ſalvation.

An ELEGY on the Death of Mrs. ELIZA. BURY.

By the Rev. Dr. Watts.

SHE muſt aſcend—her treaſure lies on high,
And there her heart is. Bear her thro' the ſky
On wings of harmony, ye ſons of light,
And with ſurrounding ſhields protect her flight.
Teach her the wond'rous ſongs yourſelves compoſe
For yon bright world; ſhe'll learn 'em as ſhe goes;
Theſenſe was known before: Thoſe ſacred themes,
The God, the Savior, and the flowing ſtreams
That ting'd the curſed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heaven, and waſh'd a world from ſin;
The beams, the bliſs, the viſion of that face,
Where the whole Godhead ſhines in mildeſt grace;
Theſe are the notes for which your harps are ſtrung,
Theſe were the joy and labor of her tongue
In our dark regions. Theſe exalted ſtrains
Brought Paradiſe to earth, and ſooth'd her pains.

Souls made of pious harmony and love,
Can be no ſtrangers to their work above.

But muſt we loſe her hence? The muſe in pain
Regrets her flight, and calls the ſaint again.
Stay, gentle ſpirit, ſtay. Can nature find
No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?

Muſt all thoſe virtues, all thoſe graces ſoar
Far from our ſight, and bleſs the earth no more?
Muſt the fair ſaint to worlds immortal climb,
For ever loſt to all the ſons of time?
O, no—ſhe is not loſt. Behold her here,
How juſt the form! how ſoft the lines appear!
The features of her ſoul, without diſguiſe,
Drawn by her own bleſt pen: A ſweet ſurpriſe
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece, and waſh'd it o'er with tears,
Dreſs'd it in flowers, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her ſex in ages yet unborn. [lines,
Daughters of Eve, come, trace theſe heav'nly
Feel with what power the bright example ſhines;
She was what you ſhould be. Young virgins, come,
Drop a kind tear, and dreſs you at her tomb:
Gay ſilks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues ſhould create the mode.
Matrons attend her hearſe with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze, and tranſcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaſte, yet free; the cheerful, yet ſedate:
Swift to forgiveneſs, but to anger ſlow,
And rich in ſolid learning more than ſhow,
With charity and zeal that rarely join,
And all the human graces and divine,
Reign'd in her breaſt, and held a pleaſing ſtrife
Through every ſhifting ſcene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.
Nor need a manly ſpirit bluſh to gain
Exalted thoughts from her ſuperior vein.
Attend her hints, ye ſages of the ſchools,
And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to addreſs the ear
With conquering ſuaſion, or reproof ſevere,
And ſtill without offence. Thrice happy ſoul
That could our paſſions, and her own controul;
Could wield and govern that unruly train,

Senſe, fancy, pleaſure, fear, grief, hope, and pain,
And live ſuch purely good! Behold her move
Through earth's rude ſcenes, yet point her thoughts above.
Seraphs on earth pant for their native ſkies,
And nature feels it painful not to riſe.
Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. *Buriſſa* knew
To make life happy, and reſign it too.
The ſoul that oft had walk'd th' etherial road,
Pleas'd with her ſummons, took her flight to God.
But ne'er ſhall words, or lines, or colors paint
Th' immortal paſſions of th' expiring ſaint.
What beams of joy, angelic airs, ariſe
O'er her pale cheeks, and ſparkle through her eyes
In that dark hour!—how all ſerene ſhe lay
Beneath the openings of celeſtial day!
Her ſoul retires from ſenſe, refines from ſin,
While the deſcending glory wrought within;
Then in a ſacred calm reſign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids cloſ'd, ſhe ſmil'd in death.
O may ſome pious friend, who weeping ſtands
Near my laſt pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witneſs ſuch triumph in my ſoul—and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien, [ſeen!
While on my lifeleſs lips ſuch heavenly ſmiles are

Sept. 29, 1720.

Lines addreſſed to the Rev. Dr. Watts.

By Mrs. Eliza. Rowe.

TO murmuring ſtreams in tender ſtrains,
My penſive muſe no more
Of Love's inchanting force complains,

Along the flowery ſhore.
No more *Myrtillo*'s fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms;
His locks, his air, his youthful grace
Have loſt their uſual charms.
No gay *Alexis* in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.
Seraphic heights I ſeem to gain,
And ſacred tranſports feel,
While, WATTS, to thy celeſtial ſtrain,
Surpriz'd, I liſten ſtill.
The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending foreſt lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.
With ſuch a graceful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong;
And let remoteſt lands reply,
And echo to thy ſong.
Far as the diſtant regions—where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours through the air,
From her reſplendent wing—
Unto the new-found realms, which ſee
The later ſun ariſe,
When, with an eaſy progreſs he
Rolls down the nether ſkies.

July, 1706. PHILOMELA.

To the Rev. Dr. WATTS.

By M. Bylee.

SAY, ſmiling muſe, what heav'nly ſtrain
Forbids the waves to roar;
Comes gently gliding o'er the main,
And charms our liſtening ſhore.

What angel ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
And whence the golden ſound!
Or is it *Watts* or *Gabriel* ſings
From yon celeſtial ground?
'Tis thou—Seraphic *Watts*, thy Lyre
Plays ſoft along the floods;
Thy notes the anſwering hills inſpire,
And bend the waving woods.
The meads with dying muſic fill'd,
Their ſmiling honors ſhow,
While, whiſpering o'er each fragrant field,
The tuneful breezes blow.
The rapture ſounds in every trace,
E'en the rough rocks regale,
Freſh flowery joys flame o'er the face
Of every laughing vale.
And thou, my ſoul, the tranſport own,
Fir'd with immortal heat;
Whilſt dancing pulſes driving on,
About thy body beat.
Long as the ſun ſhall rear his head,
And chaſe the flying glooms,
As bluſhing from his nuptial bed
The gallant bridegroom comes:
Long as the duſky evening flies
And ſheds a doubtful light,
While ſudden ruſh along the ſkies
The ſable ſhades of night:
O *Watts*—thy ſacred lays ſo long
Shall every boſom fire;
And every muſe, and every tongue
To ſpeak thy praiſe, conſpire.
When thy fair ſoul ſhall on the wings
Of ſhouting ſeraphs riſe,
And with ſuperior ſweetneſs ſings
Amid thy native ſkies:
Still ſhall thy lofty numbers flow,
Melodious and divine;

And choirs above, and ſaints below,
A deathleſs chorus join.
To our far ſhores the ſound ſhall roll
(So *Philomela* ſung;)
And eaſt to weſt, and pole to pole
Th' eternal tune prolong.

ſton (New-England) March 15, 1727.

RETIREMENT.

By Thomſon.

HESE are the haunts of meditation, theſe
he ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath
ſtatic felt; and from the world retir'd,
onvers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
n heavenly errands bent—to ſave the fall
f Virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice,
o hint pure thoughts, and warn the favour'd ſoul,
or future trials fated to prepare.

From MILTON.

——THEIR golden harps they take,
arps ever tun'd, that, glitt'ring by their ſide,
ke quivers hang—and, with preamble ſweet
f charming ſymphony, they introduce
heir ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high.

ines addreſſed to Mrs. Eliza. Rowe, by her Huſband.

ONG may thy inſpiring page,
nd great example bleſs the riſing age!
ong in thy charming priſon may'ſt thou ſtay,
te, very late, aſcend the well-known way,

And add new glories to the realms of day!
At leaſt Heav'n will not, ſure, this prayer deny:
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine the deſtin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'ſt thou be by,
Support my ſinking frame, and teach me how to die:
Baniſh deſponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come!
With ſwimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And claſp thee dying in my fainting arms:
Then gently leaning on thy breaſt,
Sink in ſoft ſlumbers to eternal reſt.
The ghaſtly form ſhall have a pleaſing air,
And all things ſmile, while Heav'n and thou art there.

The miſcellaneous pieces which follow, are from the Works of the juſtly celebrated Mrs. ELIZA. ROWE.

THEY tune their golden harps to the great name
Of Love, immortal Love, their darling theme.
Ten thouſand echoes through the lightſome plains
Repeat the clear, the ſweet melodious ſtrains;
The fields rejoice, the fragrant groves around
Bleſſom afreſh at their enchanting ſound.
The heaven of heav'ns from dazzling heights above
Returns the name, and hails the pow'r of Love.

COME, bleſs'd Religion, with thine angel's face,
Diſpel this gloom, and brighten all the place!
Drive this deſtructive paſſion from my breaſt,
Compoſe my ſorrows, and reſtore my reſt!
Shew me the path the ſainted virgins trode,
Wean me from earth, and raiſe my ſoul to God!
No more let guilty love my heart inflame——

YE woods and wilds, receive me to your ſhade,
Theſe ſtill retreats my contemplation aid:
From mortals flying to your chaſte abode,
Let me attend th' inſtructive voice of God!
He ſpeaks in all, and is in all things found;
I hear him, I perceive him all around:
In nature's lovely and unblemiſh'd face,
With joy his ſacred lineaments I trace.
O glorious Being! O ſupremely fair!
How free, how perfect thy productions are!
Forgive me, while with curious eyes I view
Thy works, and boldly thus thy ſteps purſue.
The ſilent valley, and the lonely grove
I haunt; but O! 'tis thee I ſeek and love.
'Tis not the chant of birds, nor whiſp'ring breeze,
But thy ſoft voice I ſeek among the trees.
Invoking thee, by ſilver ſtreams I walk,
To thee in ſolitary ſhades I talk.
I ſpeak thy dear-lov'd name, nor ſpeak in vain;
Kind echoes long the pleaſing ſound retain.
Reviving ſweets the op'ning flow'rs diſcloſe,
Fragrant the violet, and the budding roſe;
But all their balmy ſweets from thee they ſteal,
And ſomething of thee to my ſenſe reveal.
Fair look the ſtars, and fair the morning ray,
When firſt the fields their painted ſcenes diſplay;
Glorious the ſun in his meridian height!
And yet, compar'd to thee, how faint the light!
Ador'd Artificer!—what ſkill divine!
What wonders in the wide creation ſhine!
Order and majeſty adorn the whole,
Beauty and life, and thou th' inſpiring ſoul.
Whatever grace or harmony's expreſs'd
On all thy works, the God is there confeſs'd.
But, O! of all thy works, how ſmall a part,
To human minds is known of what thou art!
Fancy gives o'er its flight in ſearch of thee;
Our thoughts are loſt in thy immenſity.

THY force alone, Religion, death diſarms,
Breaks all his darts, and ev'ry viper charms;
Soften'd by thee, the griſly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears.
We undiſmay'd this awful pow'r obey,
That guides us through the ſafe, though gloomy way
Which leads to life.———

"WHEN ſhall the curtain fall, and theſe bleſs'd eyes
"Meet all the dazzling wonders of the ſkies?
"O, rend the hated veil, and take away
"The dull partition of this brittle clay!
"Come, heav'nly day, which ne'er ſhall ſee a cloud!
"Come, cheering ſmiles, from the bright face of God.

THE angels call, they call me, from above,
And bid me haſten to the realms of love:
My ſoul with tranſport hears the happy doom;
I come, ye gentle meſſengers, I come!
Earth flies, with all the charms it has in ſtore,
Its ſnares and gay temptations are no more.
While heav'n appears, and the propitious ſkies
Unveil their inmoſt glories to my eyes,
To mortals and their hopes I bid adieu,
And aſk no more the riſing ſun to view;
For O! the Light himſelf, with rays divine,
Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

SWEET Solitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt;
Toſs'd through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale, we look back, and bleſs the friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges, our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if virtue has enlarg'd the ſpan.
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.

TO thee my gently drooping head I bend,
The ſigh my ſiſter, and the tear my friend;
On thee I muſe, and in thy haſt'ning ſun
See life expiring, ere 'tis well begun;
Thy ſick'ning ray, and venerable gloom,
Shew life's laſt ſcene, the ſolitary tomb.

FAR rather would I in ſome humble cell,
Diſtant from all that's gay, for ever dwell,
Than waſte my flying hours, and thus divide
My time 'twixt folly, calumny, and pride:
Still trifling, thus debaſe the gift of ſenſe,
And live the ſlave of dull impertinence.

COME, *Amaryllis*, come, and with me ſhare
The blooming woodbines, and the fragrant air;
Together o'er the flow'ry walks we'll rove,
Or ſit beneath the ſhelter of the grove:
While flocks upon the hills around us bleat,
And echoes to the ſtreams their voice repeat.
Among the willows in a gloomy ſhade
By nature form'd, there ruſhes a caſcade;
Upon its banks you undiſturb'd may lie,
While contemplation wafts you to the ſky.

IN what new region to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe the unbody'd mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How *Michael* battled, and the dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubims, to glow
In hymns of love?———

DESCEND, Celeſtial Spirit, from above,
The uncreated ſource of light and love!

Perpetual calms, and ſweet ſecurity,
Concord, and graceful order, wait on thee;
Decay, and death, thy quick'ning rays exclude,
And ſpringing nature ſmiles, by thee renew'd;
Darkneſs, and wild confuſion, ſoon retire,
Before thy clear, illuminating fire;
To gentle thoughts thou doſt our boſoms move,
And breath'ſt the ſoft melodious ſoul of love.
O thou who mad'ſt the new creation bloom
With active life, and quick'ning virtue, come!
Come, like the ſilent fall of ev'ning dews,
Whoſe moiſture all the flow'ry field renews;
Breathe on me, like the ſweet Sabean gale,
That fans with roſy wings the verdant dale;
Smooth as the gliding muſic, that controuls
Each human care, and ſteals upon our ſouls;
In triumph, with the heav'nly train deſcend
Of loves and graces, which on thee attend.
In ſilent ſhades, by ſome clear fountain's fall,
Thou oft haſt anſwer'd to a mortal's call—
Oft in ſome artleſs cave, or humble cell,
Thou with the ſons of men haſt deſign'd to dwell,
And left behind the high celeſtial ſeats,
To viſit mortals, in their low retreats.
When holy vows thy kind deſcent invite,
Thou hear'ſt the gentle whiſpers with delight;
While nature tir'd her midnight ſabbath keeps,
And ev'ry thought, but pure devotion, ſleeps:
The ſmiling ſtars roll on, the dazzling moon,
In pomp advances to her ſilent noon;
While thy ſweet voice, ſoft as the midnight air,
Diſpels the gloom of ev'ry earthly care,
Unfolding boundleſs proſpects of delight,
Before the piercing intellectual ſight.
Beneath the ſacred mount, by thee inſpir'd,
The Hebrews' glorious leader ſat retir'd;
The new made world, and Eden's blooming pride,
In various ſcenes before him lay deſcry'd.

O princely ſwain, how did'ſt thou then deſpiſe
Th' Egyptian court, how worthleſs in thine eyes!
What were the grandeurs of a royal fate,
To the diſtinctions of thy preſent ſtate!
While paradiſe, in all its charming views,
For thee, the great creating voice renews;
For thee, again, the morning-ſtars rejoice;
Again, for thee they raiſe the tuneful voice,
The ſons of God touch the melodious lyre,
And all the wide creation join the choir.
Lead me, Propitious Spirit, lead me far,
Where I no more the voice of man may hear:
You charming viſions, how you fire my ſoul,
And ev'ry thought of earthly things controul!
Through what inchanting paths, what flow'ry ways,
My fancy led, with boundleſs freedom ſtrays!
Reveal'd the avenues of pleaſure lie,
And open wide the chryſtal portals fly;
Immortal beauty ſmiles, angelic pow'rs,
In ſoft reſponſes, ſing from roſeate bow'rs.

" WHILE night in ſolemn triumph reigns,
" Aſcend, my ſoul, the heav'nly plains;
" Thy flight to thoſe gay regions take;
" Angels and God are ſtill awake.
" The ſmiling ſtars will light thy way
" Unto the gladſome realms of day.
" While drowſy men with idle themes,
" Fantaſtic joys, and airy dreams,
" Are entertain'd:—Do thou converſe
" With heav'n and heav'nly ſtrains rehearſe;
" Viſit the peaceful climes above,
" And through the fields of pleaſure rove;
" Forget the ſcenes of care and ſtrife,
" And walk among the trees of life;
" Taſte the rich fruits of paradiſe,
" And bathe in flowing ſtreams of bliſs:
" Solac'd in thoſe eternal ſprings,
" Loſe every thought of mortal things.

SOLITUDE.

YE groves, and flow'ry vales, in you we find
The firſt unblemiſh'd joys for man deſign'd;
Your charming ſcenes th' attentive mind ſupply
With pleaſure in its nice variety.
Nature does here her virgin-ſmiles afford,
And ſhews us paradiſe again reſtor'd;
Our ſouls their former harmony acquire,
And vexing care, and conſcious guilt retire.
Propitious Solitude! thou kind retreat
From all the vain amuſements of the great!
In thee alone, without diſguſt, we prove
The endleſs ſweets of innocence and love.
Beauty and wit may find a refuge here:
Unenvi'd ev'n *Belinda* might appear;
Each nymph would yield the unconteſted prize,
And every ſwain pay homage to her eyes.
Flouriſh, ye gentle ſhades and rural ſeats,
Let endleſs verdure deck your ſoft retreats;
Peace dwell upon your banks, ye ſilver ſtreams,
The Muſes' chaſte delights, and conſtant themes!
For ever you the poet's breaſt inſpire
With ſprightly joys, and wake the golden lyre.
Retir'd in fragrant bow'rs, the Hebrew king
For Pharoah's daughter touch'd the tuneful ſtring;
The fair Egyptian's charms his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
And fill'd with ſacred ecſtaſies his breaſt;
Celeſtial numbers melted from his tongue,
In human figures truths divine were ſung;
While Lebanon's high cedars lent an ear,
And *Siloe* roſe above its banks to hear;
Hermon and *Carmel* kept the pleaſing lay,
And *Sharon*'s painted vale appear'd more gay.
What pow'r inchanting Solitude, is thine!
That men, for thee, the deareſt ties reſign.
For thee the monarch lays his crown aſide,
And the young lover quits his weeping bride;

The hero gives the chace of honor o'er,
And fame, and glorious conqueſt, tempt no more;
The ſofter ſex, with fearleſs piety,
To woods and ſavage wilds have follow'd thee.
Fair *Magdalen* the flatt'ring world declin'd,
And to a narrow cave her charms confin'd,
In *Herod*'s wanton court admir'd ſhe ſhone,
And all the tempting paths of vice had known;
To her's the beauties of the Hebrew race,
Rachel and *Tamar*'s boaſted fame, gave place;
Love triumph'd in her voice, her looks, her mien,
And love in all her fatal form was ſeen;
A thouſand youthful hearts her pow'r obey'd,
And homage to her ſoft dominion paid.
But thus in nature's gayeſt bloom admir'd,
A penitent ſhe gloriouſly retir'd;
Her coſtly ornaments are laid aſide,
With all the vain addreſs of female pride;
Her hair neglected, o'er her boſom flow'd,
And charms beyond the reach of art beſtow'd;
A mourning robe ſhe wore, a penſive grace,
And ſoft remorſe ſat on her lovely face;
A vaulted rock for her retreat ſhe choſe,
Among the clifts a murmuring fountain roſe.
Here contemplation, prayer, and lofty praiſe,
In ſolemn order meaſur'd out her days:
To Heaven her vows with early ardor fled,
Before the ſun his morning glories ſpread;
Whenfrom his height he pour'd down golden ſtreams
Her wing'd devotion met his noon-day beams,
Till in the weſt with fainter light he ſhone,
Untir'd the heavenly votary went on:
The moon ſerene in midnight ſplendor ſat,
With countleſs ſtars attending on her ſtate;
The cares, and noiſy buſineſs of the day
In reſt and ſoothing dreams diſſolv'd away:
The drowſy waters crept along the ſhore,
And ſhepherds pin'd upon the banks no more;

The trees their whiſpers ceas'd, the gentle gale
No longer danc'd along the dewy vale;
The peaceful echoes undiſturb'd with ſound,
Lay ſlumbering in the cavern'd hills around;
Faction, and care, and midnight riot ſlept;
But ſtill the lovely ſaint her holy vigils kept.

THERE holy ſouls perpetual ſabbaths keep,
But never are concern'd for food or ſleep—
There new-come ſaints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While ivory harps, and ſilver trumpets ſound—
There flaming ſeraphs ſacred hymns begin,
And raptur'd cherubs loud reſponſes ſing.

The Story of CLINDA and SOPHRONIA.

[Tranſlated from TASSO's Jeruſalem, book 2.]

THE King was now with martial cares oppreſs'd,
When curs'd *Iſmenes* thus his Lord addreſs'd:
"To ſhare your fate, great Sire, I left my cell,
"And bring you all th' aſſiſting force of hell:
"Th' infernal ſpirits, ſubject to my will,
"With eager ſpeed my ſtrict commands fulfil:
"By them inform'd, this method I propoſe,
"To guard the fortreſs, and inſult your foes.
"Beneath a temple which the Chriſtians own,
"Deſcends a vault, to all but them, unknown;
"Within the awful conſecrated ground
"An image of the Virgin Mother's found;
"Perpetual lamps before the wond'rous maid
"Are lighted up, and fragrant incenſe laid.
"This ſtatue, Sire, by your own hands convey'd
"From thence, muſt be in *Macon*'s temple laid;
"Secur'd by ſpells, while that does ſafe remain,
"*Godfrey* ſhall ſtorm the fated town in vain."
This ſaid, th' impatient King directs his pace,

With impious fury, to the holy place;
Nor to profane the ſacred pavement fears,
But madly thence the beauteous image bears.
Then in his god's polluted ſeat 'twas laid,
While o'er it ev'ry charm the wizard ſaid.
But when in heaven, the next gay morning ſhone,
Its guardian finds the ſacred treaſure gone:
Searches in vain; then with a thouſand fears,
Diſtracted, to the court the tidings bears.
The Prince his Chriſtian ſubjects firſt ſuſpects,
And all his flaming rage at them directs:
But whether human hands the work had done,
Or pow'r divine, to men was yet unknown.
The curs'd inchanter mutters o'er his ſpells,
Yet nothing by the helliſh art reveals;
Each houſe was ranſack'd to its laſt retreat,
But no ſucceſs the enrag'd inquirers met.
"'Tis then reſolv'd (the raving monarch cries)
I'll doom them all one general ſacrifice;
The guiltleſs with th' unknown offender falls;
A fact like this for ſpeedy vengeance calls."
This cruel ſentence reach'd the Chriſtians' ears,
Their ſudden fate unuſual horror wears;
No dawning hope of ſafety was in ſight,
No method of defence, or ſecret flight:
Nor dare they mercy from the tyrant crave:
Their laſt and deſp'rate refuge was the grave.
But heav'n, which ne'er abandons the diſtreſs'd,
Provides them ſuccour, where they hop'd it leaſt.
A beauteous virgin liv'd, but liv'd unknown,
Amid the concourſe of the noiſy town:
A lively bloom adorn'd her charming face,
An artleſs ſoftneſs, and perſuaſive grace.
To this advantage fav'ring heav'n had join'd
The richer bleſſings of a nobler mind.
With pious thoughts, and ſacred zeal inſpir'd,
From all the world ſhe would have liv'd retir'd;
But envious Love the chaſte deſign forbid,

Nor ſuffer'd ſo much merit to be hid;
A youthful vot'ry to her guiltleſs eyes,
His fatal pow'r had doom'd a ſacrifice;
One creed, one holy faith they both confeſs'd,
In one pure form were both their pray'rs addreſs'd;
The youth as modeſt as his miſtreſs fair,
With awful ſilence ſtill conceal'd his care;
And ſtill the lovely author of his pains
A ſtranger to his am'rous grief remains;
His cares and ſervices were all unpaid,
Nor once regarded by the wary maid.
The Chriſtians' danger now had reach'd her ears,
And fill'd her with a thouſand growing fears.
At laſt, ſome gen'rous ſtratagem ſhe ſought,
How, by her own, their ſafety might be bought.
But ſhame, and female fear th' attempt reſtrain,
And render all her great intentions vain:
'Till bolder hope her firſt deſign renews,
Which bravely now the ſtedfaſt maid purſues.
She paſs'd the crowded ſtreets with ſober pace,
Nor ſtrove to veil, not yet expoſe her face;
Downward her eyes with modeſt looks incline,
And with a nice engaging coyneſs ſhine:
Her charming air, her eaſy mien, and dreſs,
Nor art nor perfect negligence confeſs:
Admir'd of all, the thoughtful Beauty paſt,
And met the wild diſorder'd King at laſt.
"Great Sire (ſhe thus began) the Chriſtians ſpare,
"And I th' unknown offender will declare."
A decent boldneſs lighten'd in her eyes,
Whoſe piercing luſtre ev'ry heart ſurpriſe:
The vanquiſh'd Monarch ſtood confus'd and charm'd,
His viſage alter'd, and his rage diſarm'd:
Ev'n love had enter'd, but th' imperious fair
Attack'd his ſoul by methods too ſevere;
Not frowns, nor coy forbidding beauty move,
But gentle ſmiles indulge the flame of love:
Yet if not love, amazement and delight,

Her charms within his doubtful breaſt excite.
He paus'd, and thus—" Let me the ſecret ſhare,
" The people's lives, at thy requeſt, I'll ſpare."
" From firſt to laſt (ſhe cries) the bold deſign,
" The great attempt and daring action's mine."
And thus, by an heroical deceit,
Her life abandon'd for the public fate.
Again inquir'd the yet ſuſpending King,
" Who was thy curs'd adviſer in the thing?"
Th' undaunted maid replies, " The whole deſign,
" Contriv'd, reſolv'd, and executed 's mine;
" The danger, the fatigue, was mine alone;
" The guilt and glory ſhall be all my own."
Enrag'd, the tyrant then replies—" And all
" My vengeance on thy wretched head ſhall fall."
" 'Tis juſt, ſhe calmly ſaid, and I'm content;
" Th' illuſtrious action mine, mine be the puniſhment.
" But, Sire, your anxious ſearches are in vain
" The violated image to regain;
" For nothing but its aſhes now remain;
" This way ſecur'd, that by no Pagan hand
" The holy ſhrine might be again profan'd.
" Demand no more, my lord: enough is known;
" The action I both juſtify and own."
Her daring language, and relentleſs air,
No more the wild outrageous King could bear;
No more his ſwelling fury could reſtrain;
Her youth, her pow'rful beauty plead in vain;
Nor interceding love his rigour tames:
The pity'd virgin ſentenc'd to the flames,
Whom thence (yet with compaſſion and remorſe)
The murm'ring Pagans in a tumult force.
Her hands are bound, her modeſt face unveil'd,
No more its charms from vulgar eyes conceal'd.
Though void of fear, her doubtful looks confeſs
A ſoft concern and human tenderneſs:
The roſy bluſh that from her viſage flies,
Not paleneſs, but a ſnowy white ſupplies.

Meantime the wond'rous accident was known
From ſtreet to ſtreet, thro' all the ſwarming town;
The perſon doubtful, the relation true,
Among the reſt, *Olinda* thither drew:
Too ſoon the wretched youth approach'd and found,
By impious hands, his charming miſtreſs bound;
Diſtracted now among the guards he preſs'd,
And thus aloud th' aſtoniſh'd King addreſs'd:
"Ah! Royal Sire, yourſelf no more deceive,
"Nor this fond maid's invented tale believe.
"Could ſhe, alas! the cautious watch betray,
"And from its ſeat the weighty ſhrine convey?
"'Tis fiction all—the enterprize was mine,
"Nor will I thus a glorious fate reſign."
He adds, "Your temple down a ſloping way
"Receives the light, and draws the beamy day;
"Thro' that I ſtole the ſacred prize away.
"My Lord, the ſentenc'd criminal you ſee;
"Theſe chains, this cruel death belongs to me."
"And could not then a ſingle life ſuffice,
"Unhappy youth? (the fair *Sophronia* cries,
With kindling love and pity in her eyes)
"What tears, what mean reluctance have I ſhown,
"That you believe I cannot die alone?"
But nothing could her kind repulſes gain;
Unſhaken ſtill his firſt deſigns remain:
With ſtedfaſt courage each deſpiſes life,
And long between them held the gen'rous ſtriſe;
Virtue, and mighty love, diſpute the field,
And neither in the friendly conteſt yield.
The tyrant raves, nor longer now refrains,
But both one cruel puniſhment ordains:
Commiſſion'd, ſoon the charming youth they bind
With heavy chains, and to the ſtake confin'd.
"Are theſe (he cries) the fetters love prepares?
"This the reward of all my tender cares?
"With ſofter thoughts I fed my fond deſires,
"And hop'd to meet thee in more gentle fires.

" Yet could I, falling in thy tender arms,
" Expire, my death had ſtill a thouſand charms;
" Could I receive thy parting ſighs, and join,
" At the laſt fatal gaſp, my lips to thine—
" Our ſouls united, then, to heaven ſhould fly,
" And I, content, my charming fair, ſhould die."
" Far other cares (ſhe mildly ſaid) than theſe,
" *Olinda*, ſhould our ſerious minds poſſeſs.
" Lament thy ſins, contemplate the reward
" For faith and humble penitence prepar'd:
" The palm, the ſtarry crown, and martyr's due,
" With all the boundleſs raptures that enſue:
" Survey the ſun, ſurvey the dazzling ſky;
" To thoſe bleſt regions we muſt ſhortly fly."
Of gods and men the Pagans murmur'd loud,
The Chriſtians, ſilent, weep among the crowd.
The King, nor could his pity be diſguis'd,
A ſtrange unuſual tenderneſs ſurpriz'd;
He durſt no more the moving object view;
But fix'd, and ſcorning to relent, withdrew;
Sophronia, unconcern'd, alone appears,
Nor in the univerſal ſorrow ſhares.
The mournful officers had plac'd, the while,
And now were lighting up the ſmoaky pile;
When a young champion, with a martial grace,
And lofty mien approach'd the fatal place;
A tygreſs on her plumy helmet ſhone,
Which for the fair *Clarinda*, made her known;
Her ſex's nicer ornaments ſhe fled,
In toilſome arts, to great atchievments bred:
Her hands the labour of the loom refuſe,
Nor in the cloſet could her mind amuſe;
But o'er the fields in ſavage ſpoils array'd,
Or thro' the woods, with fearleſs thoughts ſhe ſtray'd.
When yet a child, the fiery ſteed ſhe reign'd,
Challeng'd the race, or wreſtled on the ſand;
Vaſt deſarts, hills, and pathleſs wilds ſhe trac'd;
When with her ſpear the foaming boar ſhe chas'd,

From *Perſia* now the blooming warrior came,
To win new trophies of immortal fame;
In battles paſt her ſword had oft compell'd
The ſcatter'd *Gauls* to quit the bloody field;
Majeſtic charms, which every heart ſurpriſe,
And awful glories ſparkle in her eyes.
Arriving here, prepar'd for death ſhe found
The tender youth and lovely virgin bound.
The feeble ſex to heaven her eyes addreſs'd,
And in her looks a ſilent calm expreſs'd:
The other grieves, and melts in pitying tears,
Not for his own unhappy fate, but her's.
The warlike nymph for both compaſſion proves,
But moſt her care the ſilent ſuff'rer moves,
She to the people turns, nor leſs time,
Demands with haſte, and hears in brief their crime:
Intreats the execution they'd delay,
And helps herſelf the riſing flames to ſtay;
Then charg'd—"Let none this office undertake,
"Till from the King I ſend them orders back."
Her bold commands the willing croud obey:
She, to the court directly ſpeeds away; [far,
And audience gain'd, begins—"Great Prince, from
"The unknown *Clarinda* comes with you to ſhare
"The toils and hazards of the hoſtile field;
"A volunteer to your commands I yield,
"Whether to meet the battle on the plain,
"Or at the walls the breaches to maintain."
The King replies, "Who has not heard thy fame,
"What diſtant climes are ſtrangers to thy name?
"Thy deeds illuſtrious virgin, ſpread thy praiſe,
"Where'er the wandering ſun reveals his rays.
"Aſſiſted thus, we *Godfrey*'s arms defy,
"By thee ſecur'd of certain victory;
"To thy command our forces we reſign;
"The war and all its glorious conduct's thine."
Her modeſt thanks the graceful maid expreſs'd,
And thus again her gen'rous ſuit addreſs'd,

"Unuſual 'tis, I know, my Lord, and hard,
"For ſervice unperform'd to aſk reward;
"But, by your Royal clemency, aſſur'd,
"I boldly beg, of quick ſucceſs ſecur'd.
"Reverſe great Sire, the ſentenc'd lovers doom;
"An act like this your bounty will become."
"Nothing was e'er (the vanquiſh'd King reply'd)
"To ſuch a fair petitioner deny'd:
"Their lives, heroic maid, your purchaſe be;
"Guilty, or innocent, I ſet them free."

ROSAMOND to HENRY II.

[Imitated from DRAYTON.]

READ o'er theſe lines, the records of my ſhame,
If thou canſt ſuffer yet my hateful name,
Clean as this ſpotleſs page, till ſtain'd by me;
Such was my conſcience, till ſeduc'd by thee.
Chaſte were my thoughts, and all ſerene within,
Till mark'd by thee with characters of ſin.
Had ſome ſucceſsful lover, in the prime
Of equal years, betray'd me to a crime,
Reſiſtleſs love had been my beſt defence,
And gain'd compaſſion for the ſoft offence:
But while thy wither'd age had no ſuch charms,
To tempt a blooming virgin to thy arms,
I'm juſtly thought a proſtitute for gold,
A mercenary thing to ſordid int'reſt ſold.
Be curs'd that female fiend, whoſe practic'd art,
With wanton tales, ſeduc'd my guiltleſs heart.
Let her with endleſs infamy be curs'd;
Of all the agents hell employs, the worſt;
Perdition to herſelf the wretch inſur'd,
When ſhe my youthful modeſty allur'd,
O, fatal day! when, to my virtue's wrong,
I fondly liſten'd to her flattering tongue!
But O! more fatal moment, when ſhe gain'd
That vile conſent, which all my glory ſtain'd.

Yet heaven can tell with what extreme regret
The fury of my lawleſs flames I met;
For, unexperienc'd in the ways of ſin,
A conſcious honour ſtruggled ſtill within,
O, could I (but the ill-tim'd wiſh is vain!)
Could I my former innocence regain!
Thy proffer'd kingdom, *Henry*, were a prize,
Which, balanc'd with that wealth, I ſhould deſpiſe.
But I no more my ſex's pride can boaſt!
Alas! what has one moment's madneſs coſt!
Not *Woodſtock*'s charming bowers can eaſe my grief,
For I muſt fly myſelf to find relief.
Oft, while the ſun in length'ning ſhades declines,
And through the waving trees more wildly ſhines,
Alone through all the beauteous walks I rove,
And hope the ſweets of ſolitude to prove:
But, at my ſight, each verdant proſpect wears
A gloomy view, and every plant appears
To bend its top, o'ercharg'd with dewy tears.
Methinks each painted bloſſom hangs its head,
Avoids my touch, and withers where I tread.
If angling near a chryſtal brook I ſtand,
And with deluding ſkill the bait command,
The cautious fiſh that fly the ſnare, upbraid
My heedleſs youth more eaſily betray'd.
Amidſt the garden, wrought by curious hands,
A noble ſtatue of *Diana* ſtands:
Naked ſhe ſtands, with juſt proportion grac'd,
And bathing in a ſilver fountain plac'd.
When near the flowery borders I advance,
At me ſhe ſeems to dart an angry glance.
What ſcenes, alas! can pleaſe a guilty mind!
What joy can I in theſe receſſes find,
For lawleſs and forbidden love deſign'd?
In ſome obſcure and melancholy cell,
Rather a weeping penitent I'd dwell,
Than here a glorious proſtitute remain,
To all my ſex's modeſty a ſtain.

This ſtately labyrinth, rais'd with vaſt expence,
Diſplays my ſhame in its magnificence.
As through the ſtately rooms I lately walk'd,
And with my woman of its paintings talk'd,
She ſpy'd the draught of *Tarquin*'s wanton flame,
And, heedleſs, aſk'd the injur'd beauty's name:
This (I reply'd) is that illuſtrious dame——
Renown'd for chaſtity I ſhould have ſaid:
But here a riſing bluſh my face o'erſpread:
Confus'd I ſtopp'd, and left the inquiring maid.
Lucretia's ſtory on my life had caſt
A black reproach, who yet can live diſgrac'd.
I ſhould, like her, with juſt reſentment preſt,
Have plung'd the fatal dagger in my breaſt.
What ſpecious colours can diſguiſe my ſin,
Or ſtill the reſtleſs monitor within?
Thy greatneſs, *Henry*, but augments my ſhame,
And adds immortal ſcandal to my name;
My odious name, which, as the worſt diſgrace,
The *Cliffords* cancel from their noble race!
To what propitious refuge ſhall I run,
The terrors of a guilty mind to ſhun?
In vain the ſun its morning pride diſplays;
I turn my eyes, and ſicken at its rays:
The ſilver moon and ſparkling ſtars by night,
Torment me too with their officious light;
The glimm'ring tapers round my chamber plac'd,
Acroſs the room fantaſtic ſhadows caſt;
Of all my dreams the melancholy ſcene
Preſents an injur'd, a revengeful Queen.
Laſt night, when ſleep my heavy eyes had clos'd,
To all her rage, methought, I ſtood expos'd!
Wild were her looks, a poiſon'd cup ſhe brought,
And proudly offer'd me the fatal draught.
The deſtin'd bowl I took with trembling hands,
Compell'd to execute her fierce commands.
This diſmal omen aggravates my fears,
Before my fancy ſtill the furious Queen appears.

HENRY and LUCY—a PASTORAL.

Henry. *LUCY*, while reſting in this verdant ſhade,
By pow'r divine thus elegantly made,
Say, can'ſt thou envy pomp and regal rooms,
Gay with the luxury of *Perſian* looms?
Or painted roofs, whoſe beauty would entice
The thoughts through all the fabled joys of vice?
Fabled, indeed! true joys it cannot boaſt,
Since pleaſure flies when innocence is loſt.
Remorſe, deſpair, and ev'ry cruel gueſt,
Become the inmates of the guilty breaſt.

Lucy. How ſpotleſs, *Henry*, is thy well-turn'd mind,
Averſe to ill, to follow good inclin'd!
With thee converſing, every day I learn
New charms in ſacred Virtue to diſcern;
And emulous of thee, with joy purſue
That goodneſs I admire and love in you.

Henry. Thou need'ſt not learn of me. In Nature's book
Thou may'ſt on thy Creator's wiſdom look:
And as the planets run their conſtant race,
His glorious footſteps in their order trace.
He bids the ſun in all its beauty riſe,
To bleſs our ſoil, and gild the vaulted ſkies;
And, by the word of his almighty pow'r,
Ordains the moon to cheer the midnight-hour;
While ſparkling ſtars in ſolemn order wait,
Upon her ſilent courſe, to grace her ſtate.

Lucy. Nor in the ſkies alone his pow'r is ſeen;
We view it in the grove, and flow'ry green.
To imitate whoſe charms, all art is faint,
The roſe's glowing bluſh what hand can paint?
Or equal the pale lily's ſnowy hue?
Or emulate the corn-flower's gloſſy blue?

Henry. Sure, *Lucy*, we, like the firſt pair, are bleſt,
While here, ſecure with innocence and reſt,
Our happy hours on downy pinions fly;
When thus aſſiſted by Faith's ſtedfaſt eye,

Upon our Maker's works we humbly gaze,
And, for their goodneſs, render him the praiſe.
Thus, in the Patriarch's days, the *Jewiſh* ſwains,
Who fed their flocks on *Mamre*'s fruitful plains,
Worſhipp'd *Jehovah* in the woods and field,
And prais'd his name for all the fruit they yield;
Implor'd his mercy to direct their ways,
To guard their nights, and ſanctify their days.
But, ſee! the ev'ning o'er the dewy lawn
Already has her ſable curtain drawn:
Homeward we'll go, and, as we ſlowly walk,
Beguile the tedious way with further talk.

On the DIVINE VERACITY.

BE huſh'd, my griefs; 'tis his almighty will,
That rules the ſtorms, that bids you all be ſtill;
Be calm, ye tempeſts, vaniſh ev'ry care,
While with triumphant faith my ſoul draws near
To God in all the confidence of prayer.
He has not bid me ſeek his face in vain,
Talk to the winds, and to the waves complain.
He hears the callow ravens from their neſt,
By him their eager cravings are redreſs'd.
Young lions through the deſart roar their wants,
He hears them, and the wild petition grants;
The gaping furrows thirſt, nor thirſt in vain,
(Parch'd by the noon-day ſun) for timely rain;
With ſilent ſuits the fair declining flowers
Requeſt, and gain the kind refreſhing ſhowers:
And will th' almighty Father turn away,
Nor hear his darling offſpring when they pray?
No breach of faithfulneſs his honor ſtains,
With day and night his word unchang'd remains;
The various ordinances of the ſky
Stand forth his glorious witneſſes on high;
Summer and winter, autumn and the ſpring,
For him by turns their atteſtations bring;

Unblemiſh'd his great league with nature ſtands,
And full reliance on his truth demands:
Nothing that breathes a ſecond deluge fears,
When in the clouds the radiant bow appears.
Can the Moſt High like man at random ſpeak,
Forfeit his honor, and his promiſe break?
Does he who falſely ſwears, his vengeance claim?
And ſhall he ſtain his own tremendous name?
The earth, the heavens were witneſs when he ſwore
By his great Self—what would thy fears have more?
And had a greater than himſelf been found,
That greater had the high engagement bound.
Shall fleeting winds th' Almighty's words diſ-
Or breathing duſt his ſolemn oath reverſe? [perſe?
Can he like man, inconſtant man, repent?
Shall any chance, or unforeſeen event
Start up, his ſettled purpoſe to prevent?
Or can he fail in the expected hour,
A ſtranger to his own extent of power?
What profit can a worm his Maker bring,
That he ſhould flatter ſuch a worthleſs thing?
Why ſhould he condeſcend to mind my tears,
Or calm with ſoft deluding words my fears?
Can he (of perfect happineſs poſſeſt)
Deride the woes that human life moleſt,
Or mock the hopes that on his goodneſs reſt?
Nature may change her courſe, confuſion reign,
And men expect the riſing ſun in vain:
But ſhould th' eternal truth and promiſe fail,
Infernal night and horror muſt prevail; [pow'rs
The thrones of light would ſhake; th' angelic
Would ſtop their harps amid the bliſsful bow'rs:
No more the ſoft, the ſweet melodious ſtrain
Would gently glide along the happy plain;
No more would tuneful *Hallelujahs* riſe,
And ſhouts triumphant fill the ſounding ſkies:
Each heavenly countenance a ſullen air
Of grief and anxious diffidence would wear;

The golden palaces, the ſplendid ſeats,
The flow'ry manſions, and the ſoft retreats,
The roſy ſhades, and ſweet delicious ſtreams,
Would diſappear like tranſitory dreams.
Angels themſelves their brighteſt hopes recline
On nothing more unchangeable than mine.
Am I deceiv'd? What can their charter be?
Fair ſeraphim may be deceived like me.
If goodneſs and veracity divine
Can fail—their heav'n's an airy dream like mine.
But, O! I dare the glorious venture make,
And lay my ſoul and future life at ſtake;
Be earth, be heaven, at deſp'rate hazard loſt,
If here my faith ſhould prove an empty boaſt!
Whate'er your arts, ye powers of hell, ſuggeſt,
The truth of God undaunted I atteſt.
Produce your annals with inſulting rage,
Bring out your records, ſhew the dreadful page.
One inſtance where th' Almighty broke his word,
Since firſt the race of men his name ador'd;
In gloomy characters point out the hour,
Exert your malice, ſummon all your pow'r;
With rites infernal all your pomp diſplay,
And mark with horror the tremendous day.
Confus'd, you ſearch your dreadful rolls in vain,
Th' eternal honor ſhines without a ſtain,
Unblemiſh'd ſhines in men and angels view,
Juſt are thy ways, thou King of ſaints, and true.

AMORET to CORISCA.

FROM the black regions, from the mournful plains,
Where horror in eternal triumph reigns;
From the low caves of hell, the dens of night,
Far from the frontiers of celeſtial light;
This from the wretched *Amoret* receive,
And at my coſt theſe dreadful truths believe:
That 'tis no fiction pious men adore,

But there's indeed a juſt almighty Power;
That human ſpirits after death ſurvive,
And to interminable ages live;
That fields of light, and bleſs'd ætherial plains,
Are no conceits of viſionary brains:
But there are happy bow'rs, and ſhades of love,
With pure exhauſtleſs ſprings of joy above;
Immortal crowns the virtuous to reward,
And glorious triumphs for the juſt prepar'd.
Nor queſtion the ſurpriſing truths I tell,
While I the ſecrets of the deep reveal:
For hell is no enthuſiaſtic dream,
No ſtateſman's trick, nor poet's fab'lous theme;
No pious fraud, or mercenary lie
Of ſubtil prieſts, to gain the conſcience by.
'Tis all too ſadly true which they maintain,
And far beyond whate'er the poets feign,
Of ſtreams of liquid fire, and burning lakes,
Infernal gibbets, and eternal racks,
Gorgons, chimeras, furies, and their ſnakes.
No mortal can a juſt conception frame,
Nor find for half the terrors here a name.
Then ſhun the flow'ry paths that downward
To hell they lead, and in damnation end. [tend;
Fly from the ſnares of that inchanting ſin,
Whoſe fatal joys have my perdition been.
Like thee, with all the pride of beauty gay,
In looſe delights, I lately ſpent the day;
Like thee accompliſh'd, and like thee admir'd,
My eyes the ſavage and polite inſpir'd.
Where'er I ſpoke, my wit new conqueſts won;
Thouſands come here, by my ſoft airs undone.
With wild ſurpriſe, my alter'd looks they view,
And with loud curſes ſtill my flight purſue.
For learn, before too late, licentious fair,
Each face does here an equal horror wear,
And undiſtinguiſh'd youth and age appear.
Depriv'd of ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace,

We all deſcend to this deteſted place.
Illuſtrious *Helen*, once the *Grecian* pride,
In folding ſhades her hated form would hide;
And conſcious *Thais* fears to be deſcry'd.
I ſaw them lately by the trembling gleams,
The pale blue light of inauſpicious flames;
No bluſhes paint their cheeks, their wanton eyes
No more with love's contagious darts ſurpriſe.
Raſh *Cleopatra* mourns her haſty doom,
And glides a hideous ſpectre through the gloom.
Fam'd *Julia* through the crouds no longer known;
Ev'n *Ovid*'s eyes her blaſted charms diſown.
Curs'd be the arts that did my ſoul betray,
And led my eaſy virtue firſt aſtray.
'Tis paſt—and my repentance comes too late,
But thou may'ſt yet avoid this cruel fate.
Perfidious beauty, quit the road of vice;
Its ſmooth deſcents to certain death entice.
Like *Dives*, from the infernal coaſts I ſend,
To warn my careleſs, unbelieving friend;
For thou, while yet a lovely, guiltleſs maid,
To ſin, by my example, waſt betray'd:
And ſhould'ſt thou to theſe mournful regions come,
'Twould vaſtly aggravate my heavy doom.

MARY Queen of France, *to CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk.*

The Princeſs MARY, Henry VIII's younger Siſter, being in love with the Duke of Suffolk, was, for public reaſons, married to LEWIS XII. of France, who died in ſix months after. The Queen being again at liberty, writes the following Epiſtle to the Duke of Suffolk her firſt Lover.

An Imitation of DRAYTON's *Epiſtle.*

LET theſe ſoft lines my kindeſt thoughts convey,
And tell thee what I ſuffer by thy ſtay.
Did ſeas divide us, this might well excuſe
Thy negligence, and my fond heart abuſe:
But *Calais* from the *Kentiſh* ſtrand is ſeen;

A gentle current only rolls between.
Nor needs my *Suffolk*, like *Leander*, brave
A threat'ning death in ev'ry breaking wave,
When, guided only by a glimm'ring light,
He croſs'd the ſtormy *Helleſpont* each night.
Tall ſhips, with flying ſails, and lab'ring oars,
Attend to land thee on the *Gallic* ſhores.
But thou art chang'd! That ardour is expir'd
Which once thy wiſhes with impatience fir'd:
When *Savoy*'s blooming Ducheſs ſtrove in vain
From me the conqueſt of thy heart to gain,
Invited by great *Henry*'s martial fame,
The haughty Princeſs with her brother, came
To compliment the King for *Tournay* gain'd:
Where, in a rich pavillion entertain'd,
Thy noble form th' unguarded fair ſurpris'd,
Nor were her tender wiſhes long diſguis'd.
Whatever flatt'ry, love, or wanton art
Could do, ſhe practis'd to ſeduce thy heart.
Great *Anthony*, by ſuch allurements gain'd,
For *Cleopatra* all his glory ſtain'd.
But thy firm faith no injury receiv'd;
For you were juſt, or I was well deceiv'd,
Nor were my virgin-vows leſs true to thee,
When young *Caſtile* addreſs'd the court for me,
The charms of proffer'd empire I reſign'd,
And all that could ambition move, declin'd;
A ſofter paſſion had poſſeſs'd my mind:
And while unrivall'd in thy breaſt I reign'd,
My thoughts the luſtre of a crown diſdain'd.
But ah! what changes human joys attend!
On airy chance our brighteſt hopes depend!
Victorious *Henry*'s arms ſtill met ſucceſs;
The vanquiſh'd *Gauls* at laſt propoſe a peace.
By *Wolſey*'s policy their terms ſucceed,
And both the hoſtile nations are agreed;
While I the public victim am decreed,
Condemn'd to ſnare the *Chriſtian Monarch*'s bed,

And curs'd with that magnificence I fled.
I know my rank no private choice allow'd,
But what a Princeſs to her country ow'd.
Theſe ſplendid maxims ſhould have ſway'd my breaſt,
But love entirely had my ſoul poſſeſt.
How oft I wiſh'd my humble lot had been
Beneath the glorious hazard of a Queen!
That crown'd by rural maids with painted flow'rs,
I rang'd the fields, and ſlept in verdant bowers!
Belov'd of ſome young ſwain with *Brandon*'s face,
His voice, his geſture, and his blooming grace!
In all but birth and ſtate reſembling thee!
Then unmoleſted had we liv'd, and free
From thoſe unhappy turns which greatneſs brings;
While rocks and meadows, ſhades and purling ſprings,
The flow'ry valley and the gloomy grove,
Had heard of no ſuperior name to love.
Such ſcenes of this inglorious life I drew,
And half believ'd the charming fiction true,
Till real ills diſſolv'd the pleaſing dreams;
The groves and vallies fled, the lawns and ſilver ſtreams,
The gay fantaſtic paradiſe I mourn'd,
While courts and factions, crowns and cares return'd.
With ſighs I ſtill recall the fatal day,
When no pretence could gain a longer ſtay.
The lovely Queen my parting ſorrow ſaw,
Nor *Henry*'s preſence kept my grief in awe:
No rules of decent cuſtom could control,
Or hide the wild diſorder of my ſoul;
When ſhipp'd for *France* before the dancing wind
The navy fled, and left my hopes behind,
With weeping eyes I ſtill ſurvey'd the ſtrand,
Where on a riſing cliff I ſaw thee ſtand;
Nor once from thence my ſtedfaſt ſight withdrew,
Till the lov'd object was no more in view.
Farewel, I cry'd, dear charming youth; with thee
Each cheerful proſpect vaniſhes from me.
Loud ſhouts and triumphs on the *Gallic* coaſt

Salute me; but the noiſy zeal was loſt;
Nor ſhouts nor triumphs forc'd my leaſt regard,
Thy parting ſighs, methought, was all I heard,
But now at *Abbeville* by *Lewis* met,
I ſtrove the thoughts of *Suffolk* to forget:
For here my faith was to a monarch vow'd,
And ſolemn rites my paſſion diſallow'd.
However pure my former flames had been,
Unblemiſh'd honour made them now a ſin.
But ſcarce my virtue had the conqueſt gain'd,
And every wild forbidden wiſh reſtrain'd,
When at *St. Dennis*, with imperial ſtate
Inveſted, on the *Gallic* throne I ſat;
The day with noble tournaments was grac'd,
Your name among the *Britiſh* champions plac'd.
Invited by a guilty thirſt of fame,
Without regard for my repoſe you came.
The lifts I ſaw thee ent'ring with ſurpriſe,
And felt the dazzling glances of thine eyes.
O ſacred Power (I cry'd) who rules above!
Defend my breaſt from this perfidious love.
Ye holy lamps! before whoſe awful lights
I gave my hand; and ye religious rites!
Aſſiſt me too; nor let a thought unchaſte,
Or guilty wiſh, my plighted honour blaſt;
While paſſion ſtruggling with my pious fears,
Forc'd from my eyes involuntary tears.
Some tender bloſſom thus, with leaves enlarg'd,
Declines its head with midnight dew o'ercharg'd;
The paſſing breezes ſhake the gentle flower,
And ſcatter all around a pearly ſhower.
From this diſtracting hour I ſhun'd thy ſight,
And gain'd the conqueſt by a prudent flight.
But human turns and ſovereign deſtiny
Have ſet me now from theſe engagements free.
The ſtars, propitious to my virgin love,
My firſt deſires and early vows approve;
While buſy politicians urge in vain,

That public reaſons ſhould my choice reſtrain;
That none but *York*'s or *Lancaſter*'s high race,
Or great *Plantaganet*'s I ought to grace.
Nor *Suffolk* wants a long illuſtrious line,
And worth that ſhall in future records ſhine.
They own'd thy valour, when thy conqu'ring lance
Carry'd the prize from all the youth of *France*,
Thy merit, *Henry*'s conſtant favour ſhows,
And envy only can my choice oppoſe.
Thy noble preſence, wit, and fine addreſs,
The *Britiſh* and the *Gallic* court confeſs.
Alencon's ſhape, and *Vendome*'s ſparkling eye,
Count *Paul*'s gay mien, and *Bourbon*'s majeſty,
No longer are admir'd when thou art by.
There nothing wants to juſtify my flame,
The ſtateſmen grant, but a poor empty name;
And what's the gaudy title of a King?
What ſort of bliſs can Royal grandeur bring?
When thou art abſent, what's the court to me,
But tireſome ſtate, and dull formality?
This toy a crown, I ſhould reſign, to prove
The peaceful joys of innocence and love.

RETIREMENT.

FOR theſe pure joys are never known below,
In purer climes, their ſilver currents flow.
Oft at the ſilent, ſhadowy cloſe of day,
When the huſh'd groves have ſung their parting lay,
When penſive twilight in her duſky car
Slowly aſcends to meet the evening ſtar:
Above, below, ærial murmurs ſwell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and buſhy dell,
A thouſand nameleſs beauties ſpring to light,
Breathing ſoft muſic on the ear of night:
So oft the finer movements of the ſoul,

Which ſhun the ſhore of pleaſure's gay control,
In the calm ſhade of ſweet *Seclufion* riſe,
And breathe their ſweet ſeraphic harmonies.

DECEASED FRIENDS.

WHEN the arch-angel from the upper ſkies
Shall ſound the trump, and call the juſt on high,
The juſt ſhall hear—and riſing, ſmile to meet
Their much-eſteemed friends near Jeſus' feet,
Then clad in youth, ſhall mount and ſoar away
To the bright regions of eternal day.

The following Miſcellaneous Extracts are from the Works of the juſtly celebrated WILLIAM COWPER, Eſq.

On receiving his MOTHER's PICTURE.

O that thoſe lips had language!—Life has paſs'd
With me but roughly ſince I heard thee laſt.
Thoſe lips are thine—thy own ſweet ſmiles I ſee,
The ſame that oft in childhood ſolac'd me;
Voice only fails, elſe, how diſtinct they ſay,
"Grieve not, my child, chaſe all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of thoſe dear eyes
(Bleſt be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here ſhines on me ſtill the ſame.
Faithful remembrancer of one ſo dear,
O welcome gueſt, though unexpected, here!
Who bid'ſt me honor with an artleſs ſong,
Affectionate, a mother loſt ſo long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;

And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy ſhall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall ſteep me in Elyſian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art ſhe.
My Mother! when I learn'd that thou waſt dead,
Say, waſt thou conſcious of the tears I ſhed?
Hover'd thy ſpirit o'er thy ſorrowing ſon,
Wretch even then, life's journey juſt begun?
Perhaps thou gav'ſt me, though unſeen, a kiſs;
Perhaps a tear, if ſouls can weep in bliſs—
Ah that maternal ſmile! it anſwers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day,
I ſaw the hearſe that bore thee ſlow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long ſigh—and wept a laſt adieu.
But was it ſuch? It was!—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a ſound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful ſhore,
The parting ſound ſhall paſs my lips no more.
Thy maidens griev'd themſelves at my concern,
Oft gave me promiſe of a quick return.
What ardently I wiſh'd, I long believ'd,
And diſappointed ſtill, was ſtill deceiv'd.
By diſappointment ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a ſad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my ſtock of infant ſorrows ſpent,
I learn'd at laſt, ſubmiſſion to my lot,
But though I leſs deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to ſchool along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In ſcarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hiſtory little known,
That once we call'd the paſt'ral houſe our own.
Short liv'd poſſeſſion! but the record fair,

That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindneſs there,
Still outlives many a ſtorm that has effac'd
A thouſand other themes leſs deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly viſits to my chamber made,
That thou might'ſt know me ſafe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biſcuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks beſtow'd,
By thy own hand, 'till freſh they ſhone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing ſtill than all,
Thy conſtant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by thoſe cataracts and breaks
That humor interpos'd too often makes;
All this ſtill legible in mem'ry's page,
And ſtill to be ſo, to my lateſt age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but ſincere,
Not ſcorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here.
Could time, his flight revers'd, reſtore the hours,
When, playing with thy veſture's tiſſued flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jeſſamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou waſt happier than myſelf the while,
Would'ſt ſoftly ſpeak, and ſtroke my head and ſmile)
Could thoſe few pleaſant hours again appear,
Might one wiſh bring them, would I wiſh them here?
I would not truſt my heart—the dear delight
Seems ſo to be deſir'd, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is ſuch,
So little to be lov'd, and thou ſo much,
That I ſhould ill requite thee to conſtrain
Thy unbound ſpirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coaſt
(The ſtorms all weather'd and the ocean croſs'd)
Shoots into port at ſome well-haven'd iſle,
Where ſpices breathe and brighter ſeaſons ſmile,
There ſits quieſcent on the floods that ſhow

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incenſe play
Around her, fanning light her ſtreamers gay;
So thou, with ſails how ſwift! haſt reach'd the ſhore,
"Where tempeſts never beat, nor billows roar,"*
And thy lov'd conſort on the dang'rous tide
Of life, long ſince, has anchor'd at thy ſide.
But me, ſcarce hoping to attain that reſt,
Always from port withheld, always diſtreſs'd—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempeſt toſs'd,
Sails ript, ſeams op'ning wide, and compaſs loſt,
And day by day ſome current's thwarting force
Sets me more diſtant from a proſp'rous courſe.
But O the thought, that thou art ſafe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boaſt is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretenſions riſe—
The ſon of parents paſs'd into the ſkies.
And now, farewell—time, unrevok'd, has run
His wonted courſe, yet what I wiſh'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not ſought in vain,
I ſeem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the ſin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy ſtill are free,
And I can view this mimic ſhow of thee,
Time has but half ſucceeded in his theft—
Thyſelf removed, thy power to ſoothe me left.

* Garth.

Extracts from "*TRUTH.*"

WHO judg'd the Phariſee? What odious cauſe
Expos'd him to the vengeance of the laws?
Had he ſeduc'd a virgin, wrong'd a friend,
Or ſtabb'd a man to ſerve ſome private end?
Was blaſphemy his ſin? Or did he ſtray

From the ſtrict duties of the ſacred day?
Sit long and late at the carouſing board?
(Such were the ſins with which he charg'd his Lord.)
No—the man's morals were exact. What then?
'Twas his ambition to be ſeen of men;
His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
He wore them, as fine trappings, for a ſhow;
A praying, ſynagogue-frequenting beau.
The ſelf-applauding bird, the peacock, ſee—
Mark what a ſumptuous Phariſee is he!
Meridian ſun-beams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories; azure, green, and gold:
He treads as if, ſome ſolemn muſic near,
His meaſur'd ſtep were govern'd by his ear:
And ſeems to ſay—Ye meaner fowl, give place;
I am all ſplendor, dignity, and grace!
Not ſo the Pheaſant on his charms preſumes;
Though he, too, has a glory in his plumes.
He, Chriſtian like, retreats with modeſt mien
To the cloſe copſe, or far-ſequeſter'd green,
And ſhines, without deſiring to be ſeen.
The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,
Heav'n turns from with abhorrence and diſdain:
Not more affronted by avow'd neglect,
Than by the mere diſſembler's feign'd reſpect.
What is all righteouſneſs that men deviſe?
What—but a ſordid bargain for the ſkies?
But Chriſt as ſoon would abdicate his own,
As ſtoop from heav'n to ſell the proud a throne.
Yon ancient prude, whoſe wither'd features
She might be young ſome forty years ago, [ſhow
Her elbows pinion'd cloſe upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye-brows arch'd, her eyes both gone a ſtray
To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck, defies
The rude inclemency of wint'ry ſkies,

ıd ſails, with lappet-head and mincing airs,
ılv, at clink of bell, to morning pray'rs.
› thrift and parſimony much inclin'd,
ıe yet allows herſelf that boy behind.
ıe ſhiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,
'ith ſlip-ſhod heels, and dew-drop at his noſe;
is predeceſſor's coat advanc'd to wear,
'hich future pages yet are doom'd to ſhare;
ırries her bible, tuck'd beneath his arm,
nd hides his hands, to keep his fingers warm.
She, half an angel in her own account,
oubts not hereafter with the ſaints to mount,
hough not a grace appears, on ſtricteſt ſearch,
ut that ſhe faſts, and *item*, goes to church.
onſcious of age, ſhe recollects her youth,
nd tells, not always with an eye to truth,
'ho ſpann'd her waiſt, and who where'er he came,
:rawl'd upon glaſs Miſs Bridget's lovely name;
'ho ſtole her ſlipper, fill'd it with tokay,
nd drank the little bumper ev'ry day.
'f temper as envenom'd as an aſp;
enſorious, and her ev'ry word a waſp;
ı faithful mem'ry ſhe records the crimes,
'r real, or fictitious, of the times;
aughs at the reputations ſhe has torn,
nd holds them, dangling at arms length, in ſcorn.
Such are the fruits of ſanctimonious pride,
f malice fed while fleſh is mortified:
ake, Madam, the reward of all your pray'rs,
'here hermits and where bramins meet with theirs;
'our portion is with them—Nay, never frown;
ut, if you pleaſe, ſome fathoms lower down.
Some lead a life unblameable and juſt,
'heir own dear virtue their unſhaken truſt:
'hey never ſin—or, if (as all offend)
ome trivial ſlips their daily walk attend,
'he poor are near at hand, the charge is ſmall,
. ſlight gratuity atones for all!

For, though the pope has loſt his int'reſt here,
And pardons are not ſold as once they were,
No papiſt more deſirous to compound,
Than ſome grave ſinners upon Engliſh ground.
That plea refuted, other quirks they ſeek—
Mercy is infinite, and man is weak;
The future ſhall obliterate the paſt,
And heav'n, no doubt, ſhall be their home at laſt.
Come, then—a ſtill, ſmall whiſper in your ear—
He has no hope who never had a fear;
And he that never doubted of his ſtate,
He may, perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.
The path to bliſs abounds with many a ſnare;
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, firſt in literary fame,
(Mention him, if you pleaſe, *Voltaire*?—The ſame)
With ſpirit, genius, eloquence, ſupplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died.
The ſcripture was his jeſt book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Chriſtian and the Jew.
An infidel in health, but what when ſick?
O—then a text would touch him at the quick.
View him at *Paris*, in his laſt career:
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
Exalted on his pedeſtal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincenſe on ev'ry ſide,
He begs their flatt'ry with his lateſt breath;
And ſmother'd in't at laſt, is prais'd to death.
Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillows and bobbins all her little ſtore;
Content, though mean; and cheerful, if not gay;
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Juſt earns a ſcanty pittance; and at night
Lies down ſecure, her heart and pocket light:
She, for her humble ſphere by nature fit,
Has little underſtanding, and no wit,
Receives no praiſe; but though her lot be ſuch,
(Toilſome and indigent) ſhe renders much;

ſt knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
nd in that charter reads, with ſparkling eyes,
er title to a treaſure in the ſkies.
Not that the Former of us all in this,
r aught he does, is govern'd by caprice;
he ſuppoſition is replete with ſin,
nd bears the brand of blaſphemy burnt in.
ot ſo—the ſilver trumpet's heav'nly call
ounds for the poor, but ſounds alike for all:
ings are invited; and, would kings obey,
o ſlaves on earth more welcome were than they:
ut royalty, nobility, and ſtate,
re ſuch a dead preponderating weight,
hat endleſs bliſs (how ſtrange ſoe'er it ſeem)
counterpoiſe, flies up and kicks the beam.
is open, and ye cannot enter—why?
ecauſe you will not, *Conyers* would reply—
nd he ſays much that many may diſpute
nd cavil at with eaſe, but none refute.
, bleſs'd effect of penury and want,
he ſeed ſown there, how vig'rous is the plant!
o ſoil like poverty for growth divine,
s leaneſt land ſupplies the richeſt wine.
arth gives too little, giving only bread,
onouriſh pride, or turn the weakeſt head:
o them the ſounding jargon of the ſchools
eems what it is—a cap and bells for fools:
he light they walk by, kindled from above,
hows them the ſhorteſt way to life and love:
hey, ſtrangers to the controverſial field,
Where deiſts, always foil'd, yet ſcorn to yield,
nd never check'd by what impedes the wiſe,
elieve—ruſh forward, and poſſeſs the prize.
Envy, ye great, the dull unletter'd ſmall:
e have much cauſe for envy—but not all.
Ve boaſt ſome rich ones whom the goſpel ſways;
nd one who wears a coronet, and prays;

Like gleanings of an olive-tree, they ſhow
Here and there one upon the topmoſt bough.
How readily upon the goſpel plan,
That queſtion has its anſwer—What is man?
Sinful and weak, in ev'ry ſenſe a wretch;
An inſtrument, whoſe chords, upon the ſtretch;
And ſtrain'd to the laſt ſcrew that he can bear,
Yield only diſcord in his Maker's ear:
Once the bleſt reſidence of truth divine,
Glorious as Solyma's interior ſhrine,
Where, in his own oracular abode,
Dwelt viſibly the light-creating God;
But made long ſince, like Babylon of old,
A den of miſchiefs never to be told:
And ſhe, once miſtreſs of the realms around,
Now ſcatter'd wide, and no where to be found,
As ſoon ſhall riſe and re-aſcend the throne,
By native pow'r and energy her own,
As nature, at her own peculiar coſt,
Reſtore to man the glories he has loſt.
Go—bid the winter ceaſe to chill the year;
Replace the wand'ring comet in his ſphere;
Then boaſt (but wait for that unhop'd for hour)
The ſelf-reſtoring arm of human pow'r.
But what is man in his own proud eſteem?
Hear him—himſelf the poet and the theme:
A monarch, cloth'd with majeſty and awe;
His mind his kingdom, and his will his law;
Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,
Supreme on earth, and worthy of the ſkies,
Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,
And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God!
So ſings he, charm'd with his own mind and form,
The ſong magnificent—the theme a worm!
Himſelf ſo much the ſource of his delight,
His Maker has no beauty in his ſight.
See where he ſits, contemplative and fix'd,
Pleaſure and wonder in his features mix'd;

His paſſions tam'd, and all at his control,
How perfect the compoſure of his ſoul!
Complacency has breath'd a gentle gale
O'er all his thoughts, and ſwell'd his eaſy ſail:
His books well trimm'd, and in the gayeſt ſtyle,
Like regimented coxcombs, rank and file,
Adorn his intellects as well as ſhelves,
And teach him notions ſplendid as themſelves:
The Bible only ſtands neglected there—
Though that of all moſt worthy of his care;
And, like an infant, troubleſome awake,
Is left to ſleep, for peace and quiet ſake.
What ſhall the man deſerve of human kind,
Whoſe happy ſkill and induſtry combin'd,
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an impoſture and a cheat?
The praiſes of the libertine profeſs'd
The worſt of men, and curſes of the beſt.
Where ſhould the living, weeping o'er his woes;
The dying, trembling at the awful cloſe:
Where the betray'd, forſaken, and oppreſs'd,
The thouſands whom the world forbids to reſt;
Where ſhould they find (thoſe comforts at an end
The ſcripture yields) or hope to find, a friend?
Sorrow might muſe herſelf to madneſs then;
And, ſeeking exile from the ſight of men,
Bury herſelf in ſolitude profound,
Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.
Thus often unbelief, grown ſick of life,
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife.
The jury meet, the coroner is ſhort,
And lunacy the verdict of the court.
Reverſe the ſentence, let the truth be known,
Such lunacy is ignorance alone.
They knew not, what ſome biſhops may not know,
That ſcripture is the only cure of woe.
That field of promiſe, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Chriſtian's thorny road!

The ſoul, repoſing on aſſur'd relief,
Feels herſelf happy amid all her grief,
Forgets her labour as ſhe toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and burſts into a ſong.
But the ſame word, that, like the poliſh'd ſhare,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
Kills, too, the flow'ry weeds, where'er they grow,
That bind the ſinner's Bacchanalian brow.
O, that unwelcome voice of heav'nly love,
Sad meſſenger of mercy from above!
How does it grate upon his thankleſs ear,
Crippling his pleaſures with the cramp of fear!
His will and judgment at continual ſtrife,
That civil war embitters all his life;
In vain he points his pow'rs againſt the ſkies,
In vain he cloſes or averts his eyes,
Truth will intrude—ſhe bids him yet beware;
And ſhakes the ſceptic in the ſcorner's chair.
Though various foes againſt the Truth combine,
Pride above all oppoſes her deſign;
Pride, of a growth ſuperior to the reſt,
The ſubtleſt ſerpent, with the loftieſt creſt,
Swells at the thought, and kindling into rage,
Would hiſs the cherub Mercy from the ſtage.
And is the ſoul, indeed, ſo loſt?—ſhe cries;
Fall'n from her glory, and too weak to riſe?
Torpid and dull, beneath a frozen zone,
Has ſhe no ſpark that may be doom'd her own?
Grant her indebted to what zealous call
Grace undeſerv'd—yet, ſurely, not for all!
Some beams of rectitude ſhe yet diſplays,
Some love of virtue, and ſome pow'r to praiſe;
Can lift herſelf above corporeal things,
And, ſoaring on her own unborrow'd wings,
Poſſeſs herſelf of all that's good or true,
Aſſert the ſkies, and vindicate her due.
Paſt indiſcretion is a venial crime;
And, if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time,

Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,
Fruits of a blighted ſize, auſtere and crude,
Maturer years ſhall happier ſtores produce,
And meliorate the well concocted juice.
Then, conſcious of her meritorious zeal,
To juſtice ſhe may make her bold appeal;
And leave to mercy, with a tranquil mind,
The worthleſs and unfruitful of mankind.
Hear, then, how mercy, ſlighteſt and defied,
Retorts th' affront againſt the crown of pride.
Periſh the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,
And the fool with it, who inſults the Lord.
Th' atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.
Seeſt thou yon harlot wooing all ſhe meets,
The worn-out nuiſance of the public ſtreets;
Herſelf, from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your ſcorn?
The gracious ſhower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when heaven denies it thee.
Of all that wiſdom dictates, this the drift—
That man is dead in ſin, and life a gift.
Is virtue, then, unleſs of Chriſtian growth,
Mere fallacy, or fooliſhneſs, or both?
Ten thouſand ſages loſt in endleſs woe,
For ignorance of what they could not know?
That ſpeech betrays at once a bigot's tongue—
Charge not a God with ſuch outrageous wrong!
Truly, not I—the partial light men have,
My creed perſuades me, well employed, may ſave;
While he that ſcorns the noon-day beam, perverſe,
Shall find the bleſſing, unimprov'd, a curſe.
Let heathen worthies, whoſe exalted mind
Left ſenſuality and droſs behind,
Poſſeſs, for me, their undiſputed lot,
And take, unenvied, the reward they ſought.
But ſtill, in virtue of a Savior's plea,
Not blind by choice, but deſtin'd not to ſee.

There fortitude and wiſdom were a flame
Celeſtial, though they knew not whence it came,
Deriv'd from the ſame ſource of light and grace
That guides the Chriſtian in his ſwifter race.
Their judge was conſcience, and her rule their law:
That rule, purſued with rev'rence and with awe,
Led them, however falt'ring, faint, and ſlow,
From what they knew to what they wiſh'd to know.
But let not him that ſhares a brighter day
Traduce the ſplendor of a noon-tide ray,
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his baſe ſtupidity no crime;
The wretch, who ſlights the bounty of the ſkies,
And ſinks, while favor'd with the means to riſe,
Shall find them rated at their full amount,
The good he ſcorn'd all carried to account.
Marſhalling all his terrors as he came;
Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame;
From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law—
Life for obedience—death for ev'ry flaw.
When the great Sov'reign would his will expreſs,
He gives a perfect rule; what can he leſs?
And guards it with a ſanction as ſevere
As vengeance can inflict, or ſinners fear:
Elſe his own glorious rights he would diſclaim,
And man might ſafely trifle with his name.
He bids him glow with unremitting love
To all on earth, and to himſelf above;
Condemns th' injurious deed, the ſland'rous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong:
Brings not alone the more conſpicuous part—
His conduct—to the teſt, but tries his heart.
Hark—univerſal nature ſhook and groan'd,
'Twas the laſt trumpet—ſee the Judge enthron'd:
Rouſe all your courage at your utmoſt need;
Now ſummon every virtue—ſtand and plead.
What! ſilent—Is your boaſting heard no more?
That ſelf-renouncing wiſdom, learn'd before,

Had ſhed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchaſe now.
All joy to the believer! He can ſpeak—
Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never truſted in an arm but thine,
Nor hop'd, but in thy righteouſneſs divine:
My prayers and alms, imperfect, and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brighteſt part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleans'd in thine own all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good.
I caſt them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was—dependence upon thee:
While ſtruggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor ſhall it fail me now.
Angelic gratulations rend the ſkies,
Pride falls unpitied, never more to riſe;
Humility is crown'd; and faith receives the prize.

Extract from "TIROCINIUM."

O thou,* whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the ſeaſon of life's happy ſpring,
I pleas'd remember—and, while mem'ry yet
Holds faſt her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whoſe well-told tale
Sweet fiction and ſweet truth alike prevail;
Whoſe hum'rous vein, ſtrong ſenſe, and ſimple ſtyle,
May teach the gayeſt, make the graveſt ſmile;
Witty, and well employ'd, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his ſlighted word;
I name thee not, leſt ſo deſpis'd a name
Should move a ſneer at thy deſerved fame;
Yet ev'n in tranſitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with ſober grey,

* Rev. J. Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progreſs," is here meant.

Revere the man, whoſe PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the ſoul to God.
'Twere well with moſt, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;
The man, approving what had charm'd the boy,
Would die at laſt in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curſes on his heart, who ſtole
The gem of truth from his unguarded ſoul.
The ſtamp of artleſs piety, impreſs'd
By kind tuition on his yielding breaſt,
The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
Regards with ſcorn, though once receiv'd with awe;
And, warp'd into the labyrinth of lies,
That babblers, call'd philoſophers, deviſe,
Blaſphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
Touch but his nature in it's ailing part,
Aſſert the native evil of his heart,
His pride reſents the charge, although the proof *
Riſe in his forehead, and ſeem rank enough:
Point to the cure, deſcribe a Savior's croſs
As God's expedient to retrieve his loſs,
The young apoſtate ſickens at the view,
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.

Extract from "The PROGRESS of ERROR."

A CRITIC on the ſacred book ſhould be
Candid and learn'd, diſpaſſionate and free:
Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
From fancy's influence, and intemp'rate zeal:
But above all (or let the wretch refrain,
Nor touch the page he cannot but prophane)
Free from the domineering pow'r of luſt;
A lewd interpreter is never juſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak thee, or thy pow'r addreſs,
Thou god of idolatry, the Preſs?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,

* See 2 Chron. xxvi. 19.

Exert their influence, and advance their cauſe;
By thee, worſe plagues than Pharoah's land befel,
Diffus'd, make earth the veſtibule of hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wiſe;
Thou ever-bubbling ſpring of endleſs lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

Extracts from "EXPOSTULATION."

O Iſrael, of all nations moſt undone!
Thy diadem diſplac'd, thy ſceptre gone;
Thy temple, once thy glory, fall'n and raiſ'd,
And thou a worſhipper e'en where thou may'ſt;
Thy ſervices, once holy without ſpot
Mere ſhadows now, their ancient pomp forgot;
Thy Levites, once a conſecrated hoſt,
No longer Levites, and their lineage loſt,
And thou thyſelf o'er every country ſown,
With none on earth that thou canſt call thine own;
Cry aloud, thou that ſitteſt in the duſt,
Cry to the proud, the cruel and unjuſt;
Knock at the gates of nations, rouſe their fears;
Say wrath is coming, and the ſtorm appears:
But raiſe the ſhrilleſt cry in Britiſh ears.
When perſecuting zeal made royal ſport
With tortur'd innocence in Mary's court,
And *Bonner*, blithe as ſhepherd at a wake,
Enjoy'd the ſhow, and danc'd about the ſtake:
The ſacred book, its value underſtood,
Receiv'd the ſeal of martyrdom in blood.
Thoſe holy men, ſo full of truth and grace,
Seem, to reflection, of a different race;
Meek, modeſt, venerable, wiſe, ſincere,
In ſuch a cauſe they could not dare to fear;
They could not purchaſe earth with ſuch a prize,
Or ſpare a life too ſhort to reach the ſkies.
From them to thee convey'd along the tide,

Their ſtreaming hearts pour'd freely when they died;
Thoſe truths, which neither uſe nor years impair,
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliſs they ſhare.
What dotage will not vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?
The moles and bats in full aſſembly find,
On ſpecial ſearch, the keen ey'd eagle blind.
And did they dream, and art thou wiſer now?
Prove it—if better, I ſubmit and bow.
Wiſdom and goodneſs are twin-born, one heart
Muſt hold both ſiſters, never ſeen apart.
So then—as darkneſs overſpread the deep,
Ere nature roſe from her eternal ſleep,
And this delightful earth, and that fair ſky,
Leap'd out of nothing, call'd by the Moſt High;
By ſuch a change thy darkneſs is made light,
Thy chaos order, and thy weakneſs might;
And He, whoſe power mere nullity obeys,
Who found thee nothing, form'd thee for his praiſe.
To praiſe him is to ſerve him, and fulfill,
Doing and ſuff'ring, his unqueſtion'd will;
'Tis to believe what men inſpir'd of old,
Faithful, and faithfully inform'd, unfold;
Candid and juſt, with no falſe aim in view,
To take for truth what cannot but be true;
To learn in God's own ſchool the Chriſtian part,
And bind the taſk aſſign'd thee to thine heart;
Happy the man there ſeeking and there found—
Happy the nation where ſuch men abound.

Extracts from "CHARITY."

FAIREST and foremoſt of the train, that wait
On man's moſt dignified and happieſt ſtate,
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Proſper (I preſs thee with a powerful plea)
A talk I venture on, impell'd by thee:

●, never ſeen but in thy bleſt effects,
Or felt but in the ſoul that heaven ſelects;
Who ſeeks to praiſe thee, and to make the known
To other hearts, muſt have thee in his own.
Come, prompt me benevolent deſires,
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,
And, though, diſgrac'd and ſlighted, to redeem
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.
Canſt thou, and honor'd with a Chriſtian name,
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no ſhame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
To quit the foreſt and invade the fold:
So may the ruffian, who with ghoſtly glide,
Dagger in hand, ſteals cloſe to your bedſide;
Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
He found it inconvenient to be poor.
Has God then given its ſweetneſs to the cane—
Unleſs his laws be trampled on—in vain?
Built a brave world, which cannot yet ſubſiſt,
Unleſs his right to rule it be diſmiſs'd?
Impudent blaſphemy!—So folly pleads,
And av'rice being judge, with eaſe ſucceeds.
But grant the plea—and let it ſtand for juſt,
That man make man his prey becauſe he *muſt*;
Still there is room for pity to abate,
And ſoothe, the ſorrows of ſo ſad a ſtate.
A Briton knows—or, if he knows it not,
The Scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought—
That ſouls have no diſcriminating hue,
Alike important in their Maker's view;
That none are free from blemiſh ſince the fall;
And love divine has paid one price for all.
The wretch that works and weeps without relief,
Has one that notices his ſilent grief.
He, from whoſe hands alone all power proceeds,
Ranks its abuſe among the foulſt deeds,

Conſiders *all* injuſtice with a frown;
But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.
Begone!—the whip and bell in that hard hand
Are hateful enſigns of uſurp'd command.
Not Mexico could purchaſe kings a claim
To ſcourge him, were theirs his only blame.
Remember, heaven has an avenging rod—
To ſmite the poor is treaſon againſt God!

O, could I worſhip aught beneath the ſkies
That earth hath ſeen, or fancy can deviſe,
Thine altar, ſacred Liberty, ſhould ſtand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dreſs'd a bank, or ſcented ſummer air!
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning ſhed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her ſober veſt
Drew the grey curtain of the fading weſt,
My ſoul ſhould yield thee willing thanks and praiſe
For the chief bleſſings of my fairеſt days:
But that were ſacrilege—praiſe is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preſerves thee mine:
Elſe I would ſay, and as I ſpake, bid fly
A captive bird into the boundleſs ſky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
We feel thy force ſtill active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from prieſtly power,
While conſcience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no ſuperior but the God ſhe fears.
Propitious ſpirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have ſuffer'd, and our land, too long.
Teach mercy to ten thouſand hearts, that ſhare
The fears and hopes of a commercial care.
Priſons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawleſs, and to puniſh guilt;
But ſhipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty miſchiefs, not to be withſtood;

And honeſt merit ſtands on ſlippery ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound.
Let juſt reſtraint, for public peace deſign'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee—
But let inſolvent innocence go free.
The ſoul, whoſe ſight all-quick'ning grace renews,
Takes the reſemblance of the good ſhe views,
As diamonds, ſtript of their opaque diſguiſe,
Reflect the noon-day glory of the ſkies.
She ſpeaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
Whoſe love knew no beginning, knows no end,
In language warm as all that love inſpires;
And, in the glow of her intenſe deſires,
Pants to communicate her noble fires.
She ſees a world ſtark blind to what employs
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys;
Though wiſdom hail them, heedleſs of her call,
Flies to ſave ſome, and feels a pang for all:
Herſelf as weak as her ſupport is ſtrong,
She feels that frailty ſhe denied ſo long;
And, from a knowledge of her own diſeaſe,
Learns to compaſſionate the ſick ſhe ſees.
Here ſee, acquitted of all vain pretence,
The reign of genuine Charity commence.
Though ſcorn repay her ſympathetic tears,
She ſtill is kind, and ſtill ſhe perſeveres;
The truth ſhe loves, a ſightleſs world blaſpheme—
'Tis childiſh dotage, a delirious dream!
The danger they diſcern not they deny;
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
But ſtill a ſoul thus touch'd can never ceaſe,
(Whoever threatens war) to ſpeak of peace:
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wiſdom ſeems the weakneſs of a child.
She makes excuſes where ſhe might condemn;
Revil'd by thoſe that hate her, prays for them;
Suſpicion lurks not in her artleſs breaſt;

The worſt ſuggeſted, ſhe believes the beſt;
Not ſoon provok'd, however ſtung and teaz'd;
And, if perhaps made angry, ſoon appeas'd;
She rather waves, than will diſpute her right;
And, injur'd, makes forgiveneſs her delight.
Such was the portrait an apoſtle drew;
The bright original was one he knew:
Heaven held his hand—the likeneſs muſt be true.
When one, who holds communion with the ſkies,
Has filled his urn where thoſe pure waters riſe,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel ſhook his wings—
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treaſures are ſupplied.
So, when a ſhip, well freighted with the ſtores
The ſun matures on India's ſpicy ſhores,
Has dropt her anchor, and her canvaſs furl'd
In ſome ſafe haven of our weſtern world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port ſhe went:
The gale informs us, laden with the ſcent.

Few HAPPY MATCHES.

By the Rev. Dr. Watts. (Auguſt, 1701.)

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the Happy Pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of *Peru*
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholly ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands ti'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet,
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

Meditation in a GROVE.

By the Rev. Dr. Watts.

SWEET Muſe, deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the evening grove;
Buſineſs, and noiſe, and day are fled,
And every care but love.
But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No *Phillis* ſhall infect the air,
With her unhallowed name.
Jeſus has all my powers poſſeſt,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my voice.
Some of the faireſt choirs above,
Shall flock around my ſong,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.
His charms ſhall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While ſilence ſits on every bough,
And bends the liſt'ning woods.
I'll carve our paſſion on the bark—
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic mark
That Jeſus dy'd for me.
The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That heaven itſelf came down, and bled
To win a mortal's love.

Converſe with CHRIST.

By Rev. Dr. Watts.

I'M tir'd with viſits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms,
Their converſation cloys;
Their vain amours and empty ſtuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough [my joys.
Of thy dear company, my Lord, thou life of all

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my paſſions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight ſhades on froſty ground
I could attend the pleaſing ſound, [darkneſs long.
Nor ſhould I feel December's cold, nor think the

There, while I hear my Savior God
Count o'er the ſins (an heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I bluſh with ſecret ſhame,
And weep, and love, and bleſs the name [for me.
That knew nor guilt, nor grief his own, but bare it all

Next he deſcribes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody paſſion o'er,
'Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the ſympathetic ſmart
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm it bears.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell
How on his croſs he vanqiſh'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong;
How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting, and where's thy victory, Death?
But when he ſhews his hands and heart,

With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart,
He ſets my ſoul on fire:
Not the beloved *John* could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt,
Nor *Thomas* pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe deſire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping ſuſtains.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And ſporting ſwains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare
The tangles of *Alnira*'s hair;
Thine arms, my God, are ſweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.

By the Rev. John Newton.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And manages the ſtorm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill;
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſovereign will.
Ye feeble ſaints—freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercies—and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.
His purpoſes of ſovereign grace
Are ripening every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he can make it plain.

RETIREMENT.

By the Same.

FAR from the world—O Lord, I flee,
From ſtrife and tumult, far—
From ſcenes where ſatan wages ſtill
His moſt ſucceſsful war.
The calm retreat, the ſilent ſhade,
With prayer and praiſe agree:
And ſeem, by thy ſweet bounty made
For thoſe who follow thee.
There—if thy Spirit touch the heart,
And grace her mean abode:
O!—with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
There—like the nightingale, ſhe pours
Her ſolitary lays;
Nor aſks a witneſs of her ſong,
Nor thirſts for human praiſe.
Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine;
And—(all harmonious names in one)
My Savior—thou art mine!
What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundleſs, endleſs ſtore!

Shall echo through the realms above,
When time ſhall be no more.

GRATITUDE.

By Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys—
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.
O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.
Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.
Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe bleſſings flow'd.
When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.
Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;

And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace,
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Haſt doubled all my ſtore.
Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.
Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe—
For O!—eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

The EVERLASTING SONG.

From Dr. Rippon's Collection.

EARTH has engroſs'd my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.
There the bleſt Man my Saviour ſits;
The God how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
Seraphs with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around:

And move and charm the ſtarry plains,
With an immortal ſound.
Jeſus, their Lord, their harps employ;
Jeſus, my love, they ſing;
Jeſus, the life of all their joy,
Sounds ſweet from every ſtring.
But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide:
Suſpended ſongs, a moment, mourn
The God who lov'd, and dy'd.
Then, all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon every chord:
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the riſing Lord.
Now let me mount and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
O for ſome heavenly notes to bear
Affection to the ſkies!
There ye who love my Saviour ſit;
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

Extracts from "The SEARCH after HAPPINESS." A PASTORAL DRAMA.

By Miſs Hannah More.

SCENE—A GROVE.

EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

CLEORA.

WELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry ſhades,
Ye cryſtal fountains, and ye ſilent glades:
From the gay miſery of the thoughtleſs great;

he walks of folly, the diſeaſe of ſtate;
om ſcenes, where daring guilt triumphant reigns,
dark ſuſpicions, and its hoard of pains;
here pleaſure never comes without alloy,
nd art but thinly paints fallacious joy;
here languor loads the day, exceſs the night,
nd dull ſatiety ſucceeds delight;
here midnight vices their fell orgies keep,
nd guilty revels ſcare the phantom Sleep;
here diſſipation wears the name of bliſs;
om theſe we fly in ſearch of Happineſs.

EUPHELIA.

Not the tir'd Pilgrim, all his dangers paſt,
hen he deſcries the long ſought ſhrine at laſt,
er felt a joy ſo pure, as this fair field,
heſe peaceful ſhades, and ſmiling vallies yield;
or ſure theſe oaks, which old as time appear,
roclaim *Urania*'s lonely dwelling near.

PASTORELLA.

How the deſcription with the ſcene agrees!
ere lowly thickets, there aſpiring trees,
he hazel copſe excluding noon-day's beam,
he tufted arbor, the pellucid ſtream,
he blooming ſweet-briar, and the hawthorn ſhade,
he ſpringing cowſlips and the daſied mead,
he wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,
hich ſpring prepares, and laughing ſummer yields.

EUPHELIA.

Here ſimple nature ſtrikes th' enraptur'd eye
ith charms, which health and art but ill ſupply;
he genuine graces, which *without* we find,
iſplay the beauty of the owner's *mind*.

LAURINDA.

Theſe deep embow'ring ſhades conceal the cell,
here ſage *Urania*, and her daughters dwell:
rella too, if right we've heard the tale,
ith them reſides—the lilly of the vale.

CLEORA.

But ſoft, what gentle female form appears?
Which ſmiles of more than mortal beauty wears,
Is it the guardian genius of the grove?
Or ſome fair Angel from the choirs above?

Enter FLORELLA, *who ſpeaks.*

Whom do I ſee?—Ye beauteous virgins, ſay,
What chance conducts your ſteps this lonely way?
Do you purſue ſome fav'rite lambkins ſtray'd,
Or do yon alders court you to their ſhade?
Declare, fair ſtrangers—if aright I deem,
No ruſtic nymphs of vulgar rank you ſeem.

CLEORA.

No cooling ſhades allure our eager ſight,
Nor lambkins loſt, our ſearching ſteps invite.

FLORELLA.

Or is it, haply, yonder branching vine,
Whoſe trunk the woodbine's fragrant tendrils twine,
Whoſe ſpreading height with purple cluſters crown'd,
Attracts the gaze of every nymph around?
Have theſe lone regions aught that charms, beſide
Florella's ſhades, her flowers, her fleecy pride?

EUPHELIA.

Florella! our united thanks receive,
Sole proof of gratitude we have to give;
And ſince you deign to aſk, O courteous fair,
The motive of our unremitting care;
Know then, 'tis *Happineſs* we would obtain,
That faireſt prize our fondeſt wiſh would gain;
By Fancy's mimic pencil oft portray'd,
Still have we woo'd the viſionary maid,
The lovely phantom mocks our eager eyes,
And ſtill we chaſe and ſtill we miſs the prize.

CLEORA.

Long have we ſearch'd throughout this bounteous iſle
With conſtant ardour and with ceaſeleſs toil;
The various ways of various life we've try'd;
But Peace, ſweet Peace, hath ever been deny'd.

'e've ſought in vain through ev'ry different ſtate,
ıe rich, the poor, the lowly, and the great:
ɔth ſhe with Kings in palaces reſide,
r dwell obſcurely, far from pomp and pride?
ɔ learn this truth, we've bid a long adieu
ɔ all the ſhadows blinded men purſue.
'e ſeek *Urania*, her whoſe virtues fire
ur virgin hearts to *be* what we *admire*.
ir fame hath blaz ɔn'd her accompliſh'd mind,
ıe lovely manſion of the graces join'd;
ɔr though with care ſhe ſhuns the public eye,
et worth like her's, unknown can never lie.

LAURINDA.

On ſuch a fair and faultleſs model form'd,
y prudence guided, and by virtue warm'd,
rhaps, *Florella* can direct our youth,
nd point our footſteps to the paths of Truth?

FLORELLA.

Ill would it ſuit my inexperienc'd age
ſuch important queſtions to engage,
oung as I am, unſkillful to diſcern,
or fit to teach, who yet have much to learn;
ut would you with maturer years adviſe,
nd reap the counſel of the truly wiſe,
he Dame you ſeek inhabits yonder cell,
her united worth and wiſdom dwell.
ɔor, not dejected; humble, yet not mean;
heerfull, though grave; and lively, though ſerene
enevolent, kind, pious, gentle, juſt,
eaſon her guide, and Providence her truſt;
Heav'n, indulgent to her little ſtore,
dds to that little, but a little more,
Vith pious praiſe her grateful heart o'erflows,
nd ſweetly mitigates the ſufferer's woes.
er labours for devotion beſt prepare,
nd meek devotion ſmooths the brow of care.
Two lovely daughters make her little ſtate,
he deareſt bleſſings of propitious fate.

Under her kind protecting wing I live:
She gives to all—for ſhe hath much to give,
Since Heaven hath bleſs'd her with an ample *heart*,
That wiſdom's nobleſt treaſures can impart;
But, juſt in all its diſpenſations, join'd
A narrow fortune to a noble mind.

PASTORELLA.

Her bright perfections charm my liſt'ning ear!
Elate with hope, we come to ſeek her here:
Then lead, *Florella*, to that humble ſhed,
Where Peace reſides, from courts and cities fled.

Enter FLORELLA *with* EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

FLORELLA *(Aſide to the Ladies.)*

See how the goodly dame, with pious art,
Makes every thing a leſſon to the heart!
Obſerve the duteous liſt'ners, how they ſtand!
Improvement and delight go hand in hand.

URANIA.

But where's *Florella?*

FLORELLA.

Here's the happy ſhe,
Whom heaven moſt favor'd when it gave her thee.

URANIA.

But who are theſe in whoſe attractive mien,
So ſweetly blended every grace is ſeen?
Speak, my *Florella*, ſay the cauſe why here
Theſe beauteous damſels on our plains appear?

FLORELLA.

Invited hither by *Urania's* fame,
To ſeek her friendſhip, to theſe ſhades they came.
Straying alone at morning's earlieſt dawn,
I met them wandering on the verdant lawn;
Their courteous manners ſoon engag'd my love,
I've brought them here your ſage advice to prove.

URANIA.

Tell me, ye gentle nymphs, the reaſon tell,
Which brings ſuch gueſts to grace my lonely cell;

Aſk what we have to give—it is not ours,
Heaven has but lent it us to make it yours.

CLEORA.

Your counſel, your advice is all we aſk,
And for *Urania* that's no irkſome taſk.
'Tis *Happineſs* we ſeek; O deign to tell
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell?

URANIA.

Ah, rather ſay, where you have ſought this gueſt,
This lovely inmate of the virtuous breaſt?
Declare the various methods you've eſſay'd,
To court, and win the bright celeſtial maid.
But firſt, though harſh the taſk, each beauteous fair
Her ruling paſſion muſt with truth declare.

FLORELLA.

Expect not *perfect Happineſs* below,
Nor heavenly plants on earth's low ſoil to grow.
Efteem none happy by their outward air;
All have their portion of allotted care;
Though prudence wears the ſemblance of content,
When the full heart with agony is rent;
Secludes its anguiſh from the public ſight,
And feeds on ſorrow with a ſad delight;
Shuns every eye to cheriſh darling grief,
This fond indulgence its ſupreme relief.
By love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials ſuffer'd, and afflictions ſent;
To ſtem impetuous paſſion's furious tide,
To curb the inſolence of proſp'rous pride,
To wean from earth, and bid our wiſhes ſoar
To that bleſt clime where pain ſhall be no more,
Where wearied virtue ſhall for refuge fly,
And every tear be wip'd from every eye.

CLEORA.

Liſt'ning to you, my heart can never ceaſe
To rev'rence Virtue, and to ſigh for Peace.

FLORELLA.

Know, e'en *Urania*, that accompliſh'd Fair,

Whoſe goodneſs makes her heaven's peculiar care,
Full oft, ere ſhe her preſent peace attain'd,
The bitter cup of woe hath deeply drain'd,
With ſtreaming eyes hath mourn'd a huſband dead,
With feeble hands hath earn'd her children bread;
In affluence born, and bred in ſplendid ſtate,
Hath felt the cruelleſt extreme of fate:
Yet meek, reſign'd, and patient in diſtreſs,
She knew the hand that wounds, hath pow'r to bleſs:
Inſtead of murmuring at his ſacred will,
Grateful ſhe bow'd for what was left her ſtill.
He, who our frail mortality did bear,
Though free from *ſin*, was not exempt from *care*;
Taught by his precepts, by his practice taught,
Her will ſubmitted, and reſign'd her thought,
Thro' faith ſhe look'd beyond theſe earthly ſcenes,
To where no pain nor ſorrow intervenes.

Enter URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

URANIA.

Since, gentle nymphs, my friendſhip to obtain,
You've ſought this peaceful, this ſequeſter'd plain,
My honeſt counſel with attention hear,
Tho' plain, well-meant; imperfect, yet ſincere;
What from maturer years alone I've known,
What time has taught me, and experience ſhown;
No poliſh'd phraſe my artleſs ſpeech will grace,
But unaffected candour fill its place:
My lips ſhall flattery's ſmooth deceit refuſe;
And truth be all the eloquence I'll uſe.
Know then, that life's chief happineſs and woe,
From good or evil *Education* flow;
And hence our future diſpoſition's riſe,
The vice we practice, or the good we prize.
When pliant nature any form receives,
That precept teaches, or example gives,
The yielding mind with virtue ſhould be grac'd,
For firſt impreſſions ſeldom are effac'd.
If ignorance then her iron ſway maintain,

prejudice preſide, or paſſion reign,
ıe erring principle is rooted faſt,
ıd fix'd the temper that through life may laſt.

PASTORELLA.

With heart-felt penitence we now deplore
ıoſe ſquander'd hours, that time can ne'er reſtore.

URANIA.

Euphelia ſighs for *flattery*, *dreſs*, and *ſhow*,
wo common ſources theſe of *female* woe!
Beauty's ſphere pre-eminence to find,
ıe ſlights the culture of th' immortal *mind*.
would not rail at beauty's charming power,
would but have her aim at ſomething more:
eauty with reaſon needs not quite diſpenſe,
nd coral lips may ſure ſpeak common ſenſe:
:auty makes virtue lovelier ſtill appear;
irtue makes beauty more divinely fair!
onfirms its conqueſt o'er the willing mind,
nd thoſe your beauties gain, your virtues bind.
et, would ambition's fire your boſom fill,
s flame repreſs not—be ambitious ſtill;
et nobler views your beſt attention claim,
he object chang'd, the paſſion be the ſame:
ıdulge the true ambition to excel
ı that beſt art, the art of living well.

EUPHELIA.

Unhappy thoſe to bliſs who ſeek the way,
ı power ſuperior, or in ſplendor gay!
ıf.rm'd by thee, no more vain man ſhall find
he charm of flattery taint *Euphelia*'s mind:
y thee inſtructed, ſtill my views ſhall riſe,
or ſtop at any mark beneath the ſkies.

URANIA.

In fair *Laurinda*'s uninſtructed mind,
he want of culture, not of ſenſe, we find:
e Wiſdom therefore your peculiar care,
or waſte the precious hours in vain deſpair;
ſſociate with the good, attend the ſage,

And meekly liſten to experienc'd age.
What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain,
Such as the wiſe may want, the bad attain,
Know, that *Religion*'s ſacred treaſures lie
Inviting, open, plain to every eye,
For every age, for every genius fit,
Nor limited to Science, or to Wit;
To elevated talents not confin'd,
But all may learn the truths for all deſign'd;
She calls, ſolicits, courts you to be bleſt,
And points to manſions of eternal reſt.
And when advanc'd in years, matur'd in ſenſe,
Think not with farther care you may diſpenſe;
'Tis fatal to the intereſt of the ſoul
To ſtop the race before we've reach'd the goal,
For naught our higher progreſs can preclude
So much as thinking we're already good:
Then place the ſtandard of fair Virtue high,
Purſue, and graſp it e'en beyond the ſky.

LAURINDA.

O that important time could back return
Thoſe miſpent hours, whoſe loſs I deeply mourn!
Accept, juſt heaven, my penitence ſincere,
My heart-felt anguiſh, and my fervent prayer.

URANIA.

I pity *Paſtorella*'s hapleſs fate,
By nature gentle, generous, mild, yet great:
One falſe propenſion all her powers confin'd,
And chain'd her finer faculties of mind;
Yet every virtue might have flouriſh'd there,
With early culture, and *maternal* care.
If *Good* we plant not, *Vice* will fill the mind,
And weeds deſpoil the ſpace for flow'rs deſign'd.
The human heart ne'er knows a ſtate of reſt;
Bad tends to worſe, and better leads to beſt:
We either gain or loſe, we ſink or riſe,
Nor reſts our ſtruggling nature till ſhe dies.
Thoſe very paſſions that our peace invade,

If rightly pointed, bleſſings may be made:
Then riſe, my friend, above terreſtial aims,
Direct the ardor, which your breaſt inflames,
To that pure region of eternal joys,
Where fear diſturbs not, nor poſſeſſion cloys;
Beyond what fancy forms of roſy bowers,
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flowers;
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poets' warmeſt viſions ever knew:
Preſs eager onward to thoſe bliſsful plains,
Where one unbounded Spring forever reigns.

PASTORELLA.

I mourn the errors of my thoughtleſs youth,
And long, with thee, to tread the paths of Truth.

URANIA.

Learning is all the fair *Cleora*'s aim;
She ſeeks the loftieſt pinnacle of Fame:
Would ſhe the privilege of *Man* invade?
Science for *female* minds was never made.
Taſte, *elegance*, and *talents*, may be ours,
But *learning* ſuits not our leſs vig'rous powers:
Learning but rougheus, poliſh'd taſte refines;
Dacier leſs lovely than *Sevigne* ſhines.
Know, fair Aſpirer, could you ever hope
To ſpeak like *Stonehouſe*, or to write like *Pope*,
To join like *Ferney*'s, or like *Hagley*'s Sage,
Th' Hiſtoric, Ethic, and Poetic page,
With all the powers of Wit and Judgment fraught,
The flow of ſtyle, and the ſublime of thought;
Yet, if the milder graces of the mind,
Graces peculiar to the *ſex* deſign'd,
Good-nature, patience, ſweetneſs void of art;
If theſe embelliſh'd not your virgin heart,
You might be *dazzling*, but not truly *bright*,
A pompous glare, but not an uſeful light;
A *Meteor*, not a ſtar you would appear;
For *Woman* ſhines but in her *proper* ſphere.
Accompliſhments by heaven were firſt deſign'd

Leſs to adorn, than to amend the mind:
Each ſhould contribute to the general end,
And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.
Th' acquirements, which our beſt eſteem invite,
Should not project, but ſoften, mix, unite;
In glaring light not ſtrongly be diſplay'd,
But ſweetly loſt, and melted into ſhade.

CLEORA.

Confus'd with ſhame, to thy reproofs I bend,
Thou beſt adviſer, and thou trueſt friend!
From thee I'll learn to judge and act aright,
Humility with *Knowledge* to unite;
The *finiſh'd* character muſt *both* combine;
The *perfect Woman* muſt in either ſhine.

URANIA.

Florella ſhines adorn'd with every grace,
Her heart all virtue, as all charms her face;
Above the wretched, and below the great,
Kind heaven has fix'd her in a middle ſtate;
From rich, and poor, at equal diſtance thrown,
The ſmile invidious, and the inſulting frown;
The demon *Faſhion* never warp'd her ſoul;
Her paſſions move at *Reaſon*'s wiſe control;
Her eyes the movements of her heart declare,
For what ſhe dares to *be*, ſhe dares *appear*.
Unlectur'd in diſſimulation's ſchool,
To ſmile by precept, and to bluſh by rule,
Reaſon in *her* to pure religion tends,
Subſervient only to the nobleſt ends:
True piety's the magnet of her ſoul,
Which upward points, immortal bliſs the pole.
She ſmooths the path of my declining years,
Augments my comforts, and divides my cares.

PASTORELLA.

O ſacred friendſhip, O exalted ſtate!
The choiceſt bounty of indulgent fate!

URANIA.

Would you, ye fair, the bright example give,

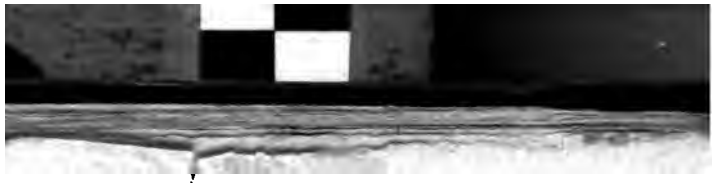
Fir'd with ambition, men like you would live,
Would chooſe for merit, and eſteem for ſenſe,
And taſte the ſolid tranſports theſe diſpenſe;
No longer would diſdain the virtuous wife,
Nor the dear bleſſings of domeſtic life;
But, ſhunning each deluſive path of ſin,
All joy without, all ſweet content within,
Would rouſe at Virtue's, and at Honour's voice,
And *love* from *reaſon*, whom they *lik'd* from *choice*:
Then marriage would with peace go hand in hand,
And Concord's temple cloſe to Hymen's ſtand.
How bleſt, would each to Reaſon's voice ſubmit,
Nor *Man* affect *control*, nor *Woman*, *wit*.
Harmonious union muſt for ever ceaſe,
If once Contention breaks the band of peace:
Abhor beginnings—always dread the worſt;
Admit a doubt, and you're completely curſt.
Nor vice alone, e'en foibles may deſtroy
Domeſtic peace, and taint the nuptial joy.
Let Woman, then, her *real* good diſcern,
And her true intereſts of *Urania* learn;
Her loweſt name, the tyrant of an hour,
And her beſt empire, negligence of power:
By yielding, ſhe obtains the nobleſt ſway,
And reigns ſecurely, when ſhe ſeems t' obey.

EUPHELIA.

With double grace ſhe pleads Diſcretion's cauſe,
Who from her life her virtuous leſſon draws.

URANIA.

As ſome fair violet, loveliеſt of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely ſhade,
Withdraws its modeſt head from public ſight,
Nor courts the Sun, nor ſeeks the glare of light,
Should ſome rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd, abroad its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die:
So *Woman*, born to dignify retreat,



Unknown to flouriſh, and unſeen be great,
To give domeſtic life its ſweeteſt charm,
With ſoftneſs poliſh, and with virtue warm,
Fearful of Fame, unwilling to be known,
Should ſeek but Heaven's applauſes and her own
No cenſures dread, but thoſe which crimes impa
The cenſures of a ſelf-condemning heart;
With angel-kindneſs ſhould behold diſtreſs,
And meekly pity where ſhe can't redreſs:
Like beaming Mercy, wipe Affliction's tear,
But to *herſelf*, not *Juſtice* ſo ſevere;
Her paſſions all corrected, or ſubdu'd,
But one—the virtuous thirſt of doing good;
This great ambition ſtill ſhe calls her own,
This beſt ambition makes her breaſt its throne.

CLEORA.

Let's join to bleſs that Power, who brought t
Adore his goodneſs, and his will revere, [her
Aſſur'd, that Peace exiſts but in the *mind*,
And Piety alone that Peace can find.

URANIA.

In its true light this tranſient life regard,
A ſtate of trial only, not reward;
Though rough the paſſage, peaceful is the port,
The bliſs is perfect, the probation ſhort.
Of human wit, beware the fatal pride,
An uſeful follower, but a dangerous Guide.
On holy Faith's aſpiring pinions riſe,
Aſſert your birthright, and aſſume the ſkies.
Fountain of Being, teach us to devote
To thee each purpoſe, action, word, and thought
Thy grace our hope, thy love our only boaſt,
Be all diſtinctions in the *Chriſtian* loſt;
Be this, in every ſtate our wiſh alone,
Almighty, *wiſe*, and *good*, *Thy will be done*.

FINIS.

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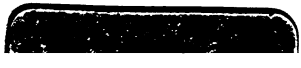
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